The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 46. Vol. VIII. JULY, 1895. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, *27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* July *will be noticed in the* August *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th August *in the* September *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We understand that Mr. Sidney Colvin's biography of Robert Louis Stevenson need not be expected for two years. A volume of his correspondence will, however, appear in the autumn. Mr. Charles Baxter, who so long acted as Mr. Stevenson's literary representative, is making arrangements for the publication of the manuscripts he has left behind. We believe all, or nearly all, will appear in serial form before they are issued as books.

Ian Maclaren's new volume, which will be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in October, will be entitled 'The Days of Auld Lang Syne.' It will contain stories reprinted from *Blackwood*, *Harper*, *Chapman's*, and the *British Weekly*. Several chapters will be published for the first time.

Lucas Malet's new novel is entitled 'The Power of the Dog.' It is the story of a man who believed himself to be haunted by a dog. Messrs. Methuen will be the publishers.

An important publication of the autumn season will be a new edition of Hogg's 'Life of Shelley,' to be published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, Bowden and Co. The editors are Mr. Clement K. Shorter and Mr. Thomas J. Wise. Mr. Shorter will contribute a long biographical introduction, largely based upon new material. Mr. Wise will annotate the book, and will emphasise the extraordinary manner in which Hogg garbled Shelley's letters.

It is understood that Miss Edna Lyall's new story will deal with the subject of divorce.

The Rev. Benjamin Waugh has retired from the editorship of the *Sunday Magazine*, his work in connection with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children leaving him no leisure for other labours. Mr. William Canton will conduct the magazine.

At the time of his death, Mr. Dykes Campbell was busily engaged on a biography of Archibald Constable, which was to be published by Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. He was much interested in this undertaking, and had elicited many valuable new facts. He had also undertaken to prepare a supplement to Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,' containing letters and particulars not included in the work. He had devoted special attention to the question of Scott's marriage, and had made himself master of all the available literature, not the least valuable of his materials being those furnished by the thorough and searching review of Lockhart which was published in *Tait's Magazine*. We are afraid that Mr. Campbell had made next to no progress in the actual writing of this book. Indeed, he did not expect to finish it in a shorter time than two years. He had also promised to revise the text of the edition of Wordsworth, to be published by Messrs. Macmillan in their Eversley series. These plans, alas! are all broken, and the friendly help which Mr. Campbell was in the habit of giving to those who had no claim on him but common interest in literature is also at an end. Mr. Campbell had undertaken to write for The Bookman of last month an article on the recently published 'Letters of Coleridge,' but he was never able to begin the paper. It has often been remarked of him since his death that he had no enemies. It was a striking feature of his character that he was always endeavouring to effect reconciliations, to clear away misunderstandings, to bring men together, and in every way to promote peace.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is expected to arrive in this country in the early part of this month, and we understand that his projected visit to India in the autumn has, in the meantime at any rate, been abandoned.

Mr. Kipling's new volume of jungle stories, to be entitled 'The Other Jungle Book,' will be published here and in America on the first of November next.

Mrs. John Richard Green, the widow of the historian, has just returned to England after an interesting and somewhat adventurous trip to Greece and to the site of Troy. During her travels Mrs. Green was fortunate in finding an opportunity of visiting the island of Delos, which is uninhabited and but seldom accessible to travellers.

After many months of hard work, Mr. George Meredith is now enjoying an entire rest. His friends think that he looks much better and stronger than he has done for some years past.

A life of Sir Thomas More, by the Rev. W. H. Hutton, Fellow and Librarian of St. John's College, Oxford, is to be published shortly by Messrs. Methuen. It will be remembered that Mr. Hutton is the author of a life of Archbishop Laud, which was well received when it made its appearance about a year ago. Mr. Hutton has just been appointed Birkbeck Lecturer in Ecclesiastical History at Trinity College, Cambridge.

Mr. Archer, whose 'History of the Crusades' was lately reviewed in these columns, has engaged to write a life of Richard Cœur de Lion for the "Heroes of the Nations Series," which Mr. Evelyn Abbott is editing for Messrs. Putnam.

Two separate memorials to the late Professor Veitch are in contemplation. The first will be erected in Glasgow; and the second—which, with Mrs. Veitch's approval, will probably take the form of a drinking-fountain—will help to keep the Professor's memory green in Peebles, the town where so many of his holidays were spent.

Mr. Edward Arnold has just returned from the United States, where he has been for the purpose of establishing a branch of the firm's publishing business. The offices in New York will be at 70, Fifth Avenue, and will be opened in time for the autumn publishing season.

The Marquess of Lorne is writing on Argyllshire for Messrs. Blackwood's new series of Histories of the Scottish Counties.

John Knox is not to sink into oblivion. Last month Messrs. Partridge published a well-written biography of him, popular in style, and amply illustrated, at a very moderate price. The author, Mr. Barnett Smith, has drawn his materials almost exclusively from McCrie. Historical students will welcome the new life of Knox now in the press from the pen of the scrupulously painstaking and accurate biographer of Buchanan, Mr. Hume Brown. Another life of Knox is in preparation by a lady who is related to an eminent man of letters, and still another life is projected by the publishers of a well-known series of biographies.

The Brontë Society have issued a pleasant little pamphlet entitled, 'Haworth Home of the Brontës,' by Claude Meeker, United States Consul at Bradford, with a preface by Mr. Butler Wood, the bibliographical secretary of the Brontë Society. There is nothing exactly new in the little book, and there are very few mistakes. One occurs on page 30, where the Rev. William Weightman, M.A., who died, is said to have been one of the curates caricatured in 'Shirley.' This is not so. The last survivor of the famous three curates of 'Shirley' still holds a living in Yorkshire, and is in extreme decrepitude. The birthplace of Charlotte Brontë at Thornton, is still standing, but according to Mr. Meeker, "its glory has departed. The front room is now a butcher's shop. The village itself has lost the rural air that at one time made it unique; the overflow of a great manufacturing town has deprived it of the individuality for which it was noted some eighty years ago, when the little cavalcade of carts bearing the Brontë children and the Brontë possessions wound up its narrow street and over the hill to Haworth." We also quote the following interesting paragraph: "In the little jewellery shop in the main narrow street of Haworth, Samuel Feather repairs watches and clocks, sells a few trinkets now and then, and disposes of many photographs of the Brontës and the scenes that knew them best. Mr. Feather, who is now a patriarch, was postmaster of the village when the Brontë girls were writing their immortal works. It is one of the great experiences of his life that he personally handled in the mails the manuscripts that Charlotte and Emily forwarded to Smith, Elder and Co., and other publishers in London."

We regret to record the death of Mr. G. P. Macdonell, barrister-at-law, at the early age of forty. Mr. Macdonell, who was a brother of James Macdonell of the *Times*, was a very distinguished student in the University of Aberdeen, and was for some time English Master in the Grammar School there. He found his way to London, where he gradually made for himself a position of great influence. He was exceptionally well read in political economy and allied subjects, and had devoted great attention to Parliamentary history. Many of his reviews in the *Academy*, THE BOOKMAN, and other periodicals showed great care and thoroughness, and some of the most exhaustive contributions to the Dictionary of National Biography were from his pen. He contributed some important articles to *Macmillan* and other periodicals. A little book on Punctuation, which he published under the pseudonym of Paul Allardyce, has had a very large circulation, both in this country and in America.

The second volume of Messrs. Remington's "Foreign Classics Series," De la Rochefoucauld's 'Maxims,' will be ready early in July.

Sir Walter Besant has just written two articles on 'Colonial Copyright' and 'The Literary Life,' for publication in a well-known Australian paper.

Messrs. Henry and Co. have, we hear, commissioned Mr. McLaren Cobban to write for them a new boys' book, which they will publish in the forthcoming autumn season.

Mr. Gilbert Parker's new novel, 'The Seats of the Mighty,' at present running in the *Atlantic Monthly*, will be published in book form by Methuen and Co., but probably not until the spring of next year.

The *Idler* offices have been transferred to the building in Arundel Street from which *To-Day* is issued. This arrangement has been carried out in order that Mr. Jerome, who has lately taken the management of the *Idler* into his own hands, may be able more easily to superintend the production of the magazines.

Mr. Fisher Unwin's very successful Pseudonym Library will be illustrated from the publication of the fifty-first number.

Mr. Du Maurier is not going to lecture in America. His health does not permit of his accepting the proposals made to him. He is said to be in receipt of seven hundred dollars a week as his share of the profits on the play of 'Trilby.'

Mr. Bliss Carmen, who was reader to the publishing house of Messrs. Stone and Kimball, of Chicago, and editor of their little publication the *Chap-book*, has resigned both positions. Mr. Stone is to succeed him in both capacities.

Mr. W. D. Howells' papers on "My Literary Passions" are to be published shortly in book form.

James Whitcombe Riley is finishing a novel of Hoosier life.

Mr. W. H. Rideing, of the *Youth's Companion* and the *North American Review*, is in London at present, securing contributions for these periodicals.

Richard Harding Davies is back again in New York, and is busily writing his recent travelling experiences.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will issue, on the 5th of July, a new, cheaper, and revised edition of Miss Betham-Edwards' story, 'Brother Gabriel,' originally published in 1877. The scene of the novel is laid in Western France, and a description is given of the inundation of the Loire (1876), when boats were plying in the streets of Nantes and the country between that city and St. Nazaire was under water.

Prince André Poniatowski, one of a number of foreign noblemen who have been occupying public attention in the United States, has begun the issue of the *Revue Franco-Americaine*, a French magazine especially designed for American readers. It is published monthly, and sold to subscribers only at a cost of ten dollars a year, and is illustrated, each article or story being preceded by a picture and a brief sketch, in English, of the writers. The pages are large and number 128, and among the contributors are Count Leo Tolstoi, M. Clemenceau, Alphonse Daudet, Maurice Barrés, Henri Lavedon, M. Grosclaude, Alfred Capus, Marcel Schwob, Stephane Mallarmé, Paul Adam, and Marcel L'Heureux. Among the artists are Forain, Helleu, and Caran d'Ache.

Mr. D'Arcy Power, F.R.C.S., surgeon to the Victoria Hospital for Children, has issued in a little pamphlet, "An Address on the Medical History of Mr. and Mrs. Pepys," read before the Abernethian Society on March 6th, 1895. He discussed Pepys' troubles from the stone, and says that the symptoms all point to a cortical stone which would have led him, had he now been living, to have had his kidney opened and the calculi removed, and he would thus have been spared many days of pain and anxiety. The second great trial of Pepys' life was the trouble he had with his eyesight. He appears to have been ametropic from an early period, but it is clear that he did not use his eyes much during boyhood. His work, however, soon demanded constant perusal of documents, and the complaints about his eyes became more and more frequent. Cocker, the alleged author of the arithmetic, appears to have suggested the use of a pair of green spectacles, which Pepys employed for many years. Increasing age, however, added presbyopia to his hypermetropia, and his sight at last became so bad that he found himself unable to continue his diary. The presbyopia no doubt increased, but he was able to transact the ordinary business of a useful life until May 26th, 1703, when he died. Mr. Power conjectures that Mrs. Pepys died of typhoid fever. She is buried in St. Olave's, Hart Street. The pamphlet concludes: "I cannot terminate this short essay without thanking Mr. H. B. Wheatley, the latest and best editor of 'Pepys' Diary,' and his truest friend, for the kindness with which he has assisted me to certain medical details." In the exercise of a wise discretion, he thought it unnecessary to publish them in a work which, though a classic, is well read by all classes of Her Majesty's subjects.

Mr. Guy Boothby has just completed the MSS. of a new novel, entitled 'The Beautiful White Devil.' It will be published in the first instance as a serial in the *African Review*.

Mr. Walter Raymond, author of 'Love and Quiet Life,' will contribute a short serial story to *Good Words* during next year.

Professor Herkless, who now occupies the St. Andrews Chair of Ecclesiastical History so long adorned by Dr. Mitchell, is engaged on a Life of the Marquis of Argyle.

It is now settled that the new edition of the 'Gude and Godlie Ballates,' which Dr. Mitchell is editing with his usual care and zeal for the Scottish Text Society, and which is far advanced, will not be issued until the Appendix is finished, so that the volume may be sent out complete.

The Irish Independent Printing and Publishing Company has established, on a capital of £37,000, three papers—the *Irish Daily Independent*, the *Evening Herald*, and the *Weekly Independent*. According to the proprietors, "there is the same chance of these papers going down as there is of the heavens falling." The staff contributed £1,000 for shares during the last half-year.

Mr. James Annand is retiring from the editorship of the *Newcastle Leader*, and will be succeeded by Mr. Aaron Watson.

Mr. H. Murray Lane, of the *Chester Herald*, has just completed a book which is to be published under the title of 'The Princesses of England,' and is to be dedicated to the Empress Frederick.

Messrs. Westwood and Son, of Cupar, are to publish, early in July, a new History of Fife in two handsome quarto volumes, by Mr. A. H. Millar, of the *Dundee Advertiser*.

Mr. J. Bloundelle Burton's new serial story, 'In the Day of Adversity,' commences in an early number of the *Family Circle*.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, or to give her her new name, Mrs. Riggs, and her husband are at present staying in Venice.

We take from the *Oxford Magazine* for June 19th, 1895, the following valuable list of the earlier writings of Robert Bridges:—

Poems. By ROBERT BRIDGES, Bachelor of Arts in the University of Oxford. Parva seges satis est. (Lond. Pickering, 1873.) pp. 126. *Advertisement* on last page—"The foregoing Poems, with the exception of a few that have their proper dates affixed, were written between the summers of '72 and '73."

The Growth of Love. / A Poem / in twenty-four sonnets / . (Edw. Bumpus, 1876.) "Price one shilling" . . . dated, at end, 1875.

Carmen Elegiacum / ROBERTI BRIDGES / de Nosocomio Sti Bartolomaei / Londinensi / In quo narratur historia fundationis Nosocomii: memorantur illustrissimi viri qui olim ibi versati sunt. Accedent quaedam de medicis et chirurgis qui in eodem loco hodie officiis funguntur. Sequitur denique aliquid περὶ πράξεως sive de ratione medendi *Patricii Black* in Nosocomio medici Senioris, cum amicis ejus gratissimum tum studiosis utilissimum: ad eundem ipsum ornatissimum virum P.D.M.D. &c, scriptum eique dedicatum.

Si qua videbuntur casu non dicta latine,
In qua scribebam barbara terra fuit.

(Londini: Imp. Edw. Bumpus. 1877.) Dedication dated 1876. pp. 23.

Poems. By the Author of "The Growth of Love." (Bumpus, 1879.) pp. 51.
Poems. By the Author of "The Growth of Love." 3rd Series. (Bumpus, 1880.) pp. 27. Note, p. 3: "The Sonnets here printed were written for 'The Growth of Love,' and as they stand have no relation one to another. The Poems in the smaller type, like those similarly distinguished in the Author's last series, are written by the rules of a new prosody," &c.
Contribution to "Garland of Rachel, by divers kindly hands": "Press thy hands and crow." 24 lines. Printed at the private press of H. Daniel: Oxford, 1881. 35 copies printed, with independent title-pages for each author's copy.
Prometheus the Firegiver. By R. B. Printed at the private press of H. Daniel, Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, 1883. Dated Yattendon, 1882. Title, Argument, Dramatis Personae, and pp. 72. 100 copies.
Poems By ROBERT BRIDGES. Printed by H. Daniel. 1884. 150 copies. Selections from 1st Series published 1873; 2nd do., 1879; 3rd do., 1880; 4th do., 1882, not published before.
Eros and Psyche, a Poem in twelve measures. (Bell, 1885.) pp. 160.
Nero, an Historical Tragedy. (Bumpus, 1885) Double cols. 4to. pp. 36.
Prometheus. (Reprinted by Bell & Sons, 1885.) pp. 66.
The Growth of Love. Printed in roman type by H. Daniel, 1889. 79 Sonnets. 22 copies printed for the Author.
Feast of Bacchus. By R. B. Privately printed by H. Daniel, 1889. pp. 94. and note dated 1885. 105 copies printed.
On the Elements of Milton's Blank Verse in Paradise Lost. pp. 19-37 of Beeching's edition of Paradise Lost, Book I. (1887). By ROBERT BRIDGES, but unsigned. (The advertisement to the book says, "The Essay on Milton's Scansion is contributed by a friend."
On the Prosody of Paradise Regained and Samson Agonistes. (Blackwell, Oxford, 1889.) Pamphlet. pp. 12.
The Growth of Love. Reprinted in Old English Fell type by H. Daniel. 100 copies. 1890.
The Shorter Poems of ROBERT BRIDGES. (Bell & Sons, 1890.) Four books. Reprinted: second edition, 1890; third edition, 1891.

PLAYS: uniform with *Nero.*

No. 2. *Palicio.* A Romantic Drama in Five Acts in the Elizabethan manner. By R. B. (Bumpus, 1890.) p. 37 to 70.
3. *The Return of Ulysses.* A Drama in Five Acts in a mixed manner. (Bumpus, 1890.) p. 71 to 102.
4. *The Christian Captives.* A Tragedy in Five Acts in a mixed manner. (Bumpus, 1890) p. 103 to 126.
5. *Achilles in Scyros.* A Drama in a mixed manner. (Bumpus, 1890.) p. 127 to 146.
6. *The Humours of the Court.* A Comedy in Three Acts. (Bell & Sons, 1893.) p. 147 to 182.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

MAY 20 to JUNE 22, 1895.

At the quiet time of an exceptionally quiet year it may readily be understood that business is without much feature. There has been little to vary the current of the slack time, and at this moment it is sincerely to be hoped that the lowest point has at length been reached. Colonial trade has been fairly maintained, with a temporary improvement in the Indian market, but foreign orders have been about as usual. The appearance of the one-volume edition of 'Trilby' infused a little life into matters. Few 6s. issues have been so freely taken up on publication, and the sale is well maintained.

Two publications upon Alpine Climbing—'The Alps from End to End' and 'My Climbs in the Alps'—have been favourably received by mountaineers, books of this class always finding a ready, although not large, sale.

That South Africa still engages much attention is evident from the demand for books bearing upon this part of the world. The account of 'Seventeen Trips to Somaliland' is eagerly looked for.

The literature of the "New Woman" appears to have run its race. It is only within the province of this report to state the fact. Critics can, no doubt, enlarge upon it.

Photography must find a multitude of disciples, as scarcely a week passes without the appearance of a treatise or handbook bearing upon one of its branches. The illustrations of this class of work are superb, noticeably those in the 'Photographer's Annual,' which can be regarded as simply perfect.

Mr. Hall Caine's address to the newsvendors has been freely criticised by the trade. Let it suffice here to remark that in estimating the profits of publishers, assuming his figures to be correct (which they were *not*), he loses sight of the important fact that everything turns upon the entire edition being sold. A remainder of a few hundreds only would considerably alter the figures.

Guide Books, new or new editions, pour in daily. One cannot but wonder by whom they are all used. Does the traveller make the same journey annually and buy a new guide each time? Murray, Baedeker, and Black are the favourites. Local guides are sold, principally, upon the spot.

A series of portraits of the leading cricketers in sixpenny parts must be mentioned, on account of the great interest now manifested in the national game.

There is little to report in the magazine world. It is announced that the *Pall Mall Magazine* will be raised in price to 1s. 6d. from August. This is a bold step, and it remains to be seen whether or no in the long run it will be beneficial to the venture. It will be well worth the money, but will the public think so after paying a shilling for so long?

The inquiries for the "Times" Atlas are very numerous. It will be a wonderful publication at the price, and the quality is ensured by its emanating from Printing House Square. A £3 3s. edition (limited to 500 copies) will also be issued. It is refreshing to find books of this value ordered during the "Penny Story" season.

The number of new books and new editions issued every week is greater than last month, and yet so little trade is being done.

Appended is a list of the principal works now in demand. It will be noticed that, notwithstanding the heat, the public taste is not limited to light literature.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
Celibates. By G. Moore. 6s.
Trilby. By G. Du Maurier. 6s.
Master (The). By I. Zangwill. 6s.
Zoraida. By W. Le Queux. 6s.
The Gods, Some Mortals, etc. By J. O. Hobbes. 6s.
Manxman (The). By Hall Caine. 6s.
The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. 3s. 6d.
Woman who Did (The). By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. net.
Peg the Rake. By Rita. 3s. 6d.
English Seamen in Sixteenth Century. By J. A. Froude. 6s.
Social Evolution. By B. Kidd. 5s. net.
Wellington. By Lord Roberts. 3s. 6d.
A Vagabond in Spain. By C. B. Luffman. 6s.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.
Week ending
May 25, 1895.—A fair week in the home and foreign trade.
June 1, „ —A decided drop in home business. Foreign and colonial unchanged, except for slight improvement in Indian department.
„ 8, „ —A very quiet week in all branches except export, which is about normal.
„ 15, „ — Ditto. ditto.
„ 22, „ — Ditto. ditto.
There is absolutely nothing to report on these three weeks.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

A NEW edition in ten volumes of Bourrienne's Memoirs is announced for early publication under the editorship of M. H. d'Almenas, who recently published a volume of 'Souvenirs de Bourrienne.' I notice that in their preliminary announcements of this work the publishers state that the original edition of Bourrienne's Memoirs, published in 1829, is nowhere to be found. I am afraid that this is not quite true, as when, some time ago, I was editing an important work on the Napoleonic era, and stocked my library with every book likely to be of assistance to me, I found no difficulty whatever in procuring these famous—some would say infamous—Memoirs. If I remember rightly, I paid a very low price for them. I know that I had great difficulty in getting any price for them whatever when I afterwards disposed of the volumes.

It is generally accepted that the unfortunate Louis Antoine Fauvelet de Bourrienne was not the author of the Memoirs published under his name; that, rather, these were the work of a number of anonymous hacks in the pay of the publisher who, at Holstein, paid him a sum of 30,000 francs for the use of his name. Méneval states that he met Bourrienne in 1825, and that Bourrienne told him that he had been asked to write against the late Emperor. "In spite of all the wrong he did me," added Bourrienne, "I could never make up my mind to do so. My hand would wither sooner." Méneval proceeds to point out numerous inaccuracies in the volumes, and adds that Bourrienne's "entire co-operation in this book consisted in some stray, fragmentary notes which were worked out by certain professional writers, who had to make up for their insufficiency by their own researches and with materials supplied by the publishers." My opinion is that the first three volumes, at least—by far the most interesting of the ten—were entirely written by Bourrienne, who was at school with Napoleon. I am doubtful as to the authenticity of the others. Bourrienne had gone out of his mind some time before the entire manuscript of these memoirs was in the printer's hands. They are dull reading on the whole, and venomous to a degree. To be sure, Bourrienne had no reason to love Napoleon, whom he had repeatedly and deeply injured, and who had as often forgiven him. Still, as an antidote to all the gush which has lately been poured out on the world about the "little corporal," some benefit may be derived from the perusal of these volumes.

The French Academy has been much *en évidence* of late. To begin with, some weeks ago M. Bergerat wrote an article, entitled "One Must Belong to It," in the *Echo de Paris*, in which he called on Daudet to let bygones be bygones, and to apply for a *fauteuil*. Daudet, in answer, sent a very neat little note to the *Echo*, in which he described himself as the spiritual child of a number of French authors—Balzac, Flaubert, and Gérard de Nerval amongst others—who had never belonged to the French Academy, and added that "to belong to it, or not to belong to it, is not the question. The question is, to write good books."

Pailleron once said to me that the reason why Daudet refused to apply for a seat in the Academy was that he was very well aware that he would not be elected. Pailleron was sadly mistaken in making this assertion. It is a well-known fact that if Daudet were to present himself he would be elected by at least twenty-five votes, and that at the first ballot. Only last Thursday I heard a prominent Academician, speaking in the name of his colleagues, assure him of that support as a minimum, and I know from other sources equally direct that the Academy would be delighted to receive him. But Daudet is as firm in his determination not to present himself as Zola, "the perpetual candidate," is firm in the contrary resolve. It was amusing to listen to his conversation with the Academician in question. The latter agreed that for a man of Daudet's standing there was little advantage in belonging to the Academy. "It is only," he said, "for men like myself, who enjoy little or no notoriety, that it is a good thing to be Academicians. It helps us to sell our books; it gives us a standing, and when we travel abroad it fills people with veneration of our persons." He continued by saying that he himself owed his election to the Right—a solid nucleus of nine votes. "There is wonderful solidarity amongst the members of the Right," he added. "They always vote together as one man." He was very amusing when he described the official visits to the Academicians which every candidate has to pay. "The great thing is not to be too humble," he said. "It is best to be cheerful and witty, for then the Academicians say to themselves, 'This fellow will brighten our sittings. Let us vote for him.'" He added that the candidate should dine out as often as possible before election, but never afterwards. It was easy enough, according to him, for a candidate to tell from his reception by this or that Academician whether the person he was calling on intended to vote for him or not. "The first question that one Academician asked me," he related, "after I had expounded the object of my visit, was as to the flora and fauna in my part of the world. I knew at once that I had no supporter in him, and withdrew as speedily as possible." On the whole he seemed to think that a candidate could derive considerable amusement from these official Academical visits.

Then, to keep the Academy still in evidence, there has been this week the reception of Paul Bourget, one of the youngest of Academicians. It was a grand function, and Bourget's speech, especially when he alluded to the great and unfortunate Guy de Maupassant, was most deservedly applauded. Monsieur de Vogüe's speech in reply, though much more scholarly, was less successful. M. de Vogüe has a poor delivery, and, as a schoolboy would say, "he put on too much side," aristocrat as he is. Bourget looked very handsome in his official coat embroidered with green laurels, which, as the omniscient Jules Huret informs the readers of the *Figaro*, cost thirty-nine pounds.

The election of Jules Lemaître was certain, and the forecast that his opponent, M. Delafosse, would only secure a maximum of ten votes has been substantially verified.

Madame Adam is about to practically relinquish the editorship of "La Nouvelle Revue," which, in future, will be mainly conducted under the joint control of M. Léon Daudet and M. George Hugo. Madame Adam has taken this step because she wishes to consecrate the next six years almost entirely to the preparation of her memoirs, which will consist of six volumes, of which one volume will

appear each year. Léon Daudet, by the way, has scored another success with his "Kamtchatka." It has been widely and excellently reviewed, and is selling very well.

I hear that M. de Goncourt has been much expostulated with by people about whom he gossiped in the last volume of his Diary, and who complain of a certain want of discretion. It is certain, for instance, that Daudet's interests were not advanced by the various statements as to his health which his old friend made in the previous volumes of the "Journal." Book-buyers look askance on the work of authors who have been described to them as "paralytic," fearing lest value shall not be had for money. Daudet was quite frightened about the fate of 'La Petite Paroisse, when it first came out. "People have got to think me 'doddering,' and I feared a disaster." Fortunately, however, the book soon began to move, and is now in its fiftieth thousand.

Amongst a number of books which I have received for review this month, I wish to say a word about two in this place. One is a novel, entitled 'Flavie,' by André Theuriet (Charpentier). The other is a small volume of poems, 'Les Amours de Lyristés,' by Lionel des Rieux (Edition du 'Mercure de France').

André Theuriet's new novel, 'Flavie,' is an excellent specimen of the work and style of a distinguished author whose comparative unpopularity I have never been able to understand. When I speak of unpopularity, it is in comparison with Zola, Daudet, Ohnet, and other writers, *à grand tirage*, for whilst Ohnet has sold over 250,000 copies of his mediocre 'Maître des Forges,' André Theuriet's high-water-mark, reached with 'Hélène,' has only been 12,000. Yet Theuriet is an admirable writer, refreshing and reposeful, a consummate master of French, and above all clean, cheerful, and natural. 'Flavie' is a simple love-story which gives a very faithful picture of certain phases of contemporary middle-class life in France, and if it lacks in incident—Theuriet's weak point—it fully makes up for this—which many do not consider a deficiency—by the interest of the characterisation. M. André Theuriet, who is now sixty-two years of age, and commenced to write, as a contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, at the age of twenty-four, has been a most prolific writer of poems, plays, and novels, altogether considerably over fifty volumes, to say nothing of innumerable contributions to the reviews and magazines. 'Flavie' is good proof that his abundance has in no way deteriorated his style,

Monsieur Lionel des Rieux is a young man of fortune who has devoted himself to the arts, and is fast making for himself a very distinguished name amongst *les jeunes*. Long before I received his dainty little volume, admirably printed by the publishers of *Le Mercure de France*, I had heard him spoken about in literary circles as a poet whose name would soon make itself heard. The reception given to 'Les Amours de Lyristés' has confirmed this opinion. It deserves its success, and we have in Lionel des Rieux a true poet. Here is a specimen verse from the "Hommage a Lycènis."

> "Petite Lycènis aux dents courtes qui mordent,
> Moi dont la jeune main sur la lyre aux sept cordes,
> Celébre d'autres noms et le tien tour à tour,
> Je te donne ces vers, donne-moi ton amour."

The biggest publishing success in France in the matter of poetry was, I think, secured by José Maria de Hérèdia, of the French Academy. The entire edition of his first volume of sonnets was sold out before four o'clock in the afternoon of the day of publication. Monsieur de Hérèdia is not, however, a man to profit by such popularity in a financial sense. He is a most conscientious worker, and is said to spend many weeks over one sonnet. His beautiful daughter has recently revealed herself as a poetess of exquisite quality.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

123, *Boulevard Magenta, Paris.*

THE READER.

THE LATE MR. GEORGE BENTLEY.

TO all such as are in any way interested in literary matters, George Bentley is an honourable name. To the many who came into contact with him, whether personally or by letter, he remains a pleasant memory. To some few he is infinitely more.

For, in spite of his oft-quoted geniality to every creature that crossed his path, he was a reserved man in his heart. The outer courts of that spacious dwelling-place were crowded, but the number is comparatively small, unusually small, of those, for whom he drew back its inner veil.

Of the long period of his early struggle and success I know little, except from his own too modest lips. When I first met him he was an old man, aged before his time, bowed, but not broken, by half a life-time of continuous suffering. Barely four years ago, in the dingy drawing-room of a London monster hotel, whither my new English interests had brought me, I watched him coming towards me, quickly, with the slight stoop of his delicate chest, his face a-sparkle in the eagerness of his welcome. At a glance, you see the sunshine of the man, and his bravery, the continual conquest of the clouds. All who ever met him saw that. But it required remorseless proof to realise how terrible was the daily battle, and how resolute the daily victory.

He had just read one of my books in the manuscript; he was interested in it, and sought, as was his wont, to say the kindest things in the kindest way. The repeated statement is not correct, by the bye, that he was acquainted with my earlier work, before it had been published (by others), but from the first moment of its introduction to him he took the friendliest interest in it. To me it will always be a deeply touching memory, that he asked, not many days before his death, for proofs which I had naturally withheld, insisted upon reading them to the end, and wrote me upon the subject the last of the many letters I have received from his pen.

I make no excuse for these seemingly egotistical details. I cannot write better of George Bentley, the publisher, than by telling his relations to one of the authors whose books he published.

He took an interest in all. He knew perfectly well that they were often not as great as they thought themselves. He by no means believed that all the books in his long list were "literature." "I wish they were," he said.

He knew the public taste, and he knew his own. And he never unconsciously allowed the success or the failure

of a book to alter his estimate of it. That is saying a good deal for the literary judgment of a man who had been all his life a successful caterer.

To old friends he remained thoughtfully, not obstinately, faithful through all the changes of a fickle notoriety. And he suffered—exaggeratedly, I was often bold to tell him—under a desertion or treachery he was unable to understand.

It was towards the close of his life only, as I have already said, that I was a privileged inmate of his intimacy. Unable to get to London—to that bustle and struggle for which his eager energies were yearning—he sank back, panting for breath, in the cultured repose of the beautiful home he had built himself on the skirts of the Eton playing fields. But his eyes never turned away from whatsoever attracted their interest, and his fingers worked to the last, with deft touch, at the work he had set himself to do. During my brief yearly visits, connected by chains of correspondence that no sickness could leave unfastened, I learnt to understand that George Bentley was one of those few men—there are more women—whom Fate cannot conquer, because, by God's help, they are stronger than Fate.

"A good night at last, I hope?" "Fairly good." Then before sadly sceptical glances—"Oh, never mind that; let's talk of something else. What have they been doing in the House?" How often have I heard those words, or similar ones, at the rose-decked breakfast table. And there the cheerful meal would lengthen out, under the flow of entertainment from a host who could eat nothing himself. Then came the morning's work at weary piles of letters, a talk in the beautiful library—had not the guest every key, even that of the original "Bentleys"?—a stroll among the dearly loved roses, then work again, and, at night, a game of halma, or, perhaps, an outpore of the autograph-books over the broad dining-room table; all the great names of the century appended to personal letters, mostly connected with the history of the house of Bentley, each name calling forth fresh recollections of continued intercourse with all that was eminent in politics and science, as well as in literature and in art.

"Ah well, I am out of it all. Useless long ago—shelved!" When old men speak so, we are apt to call them fretful. But this man was not old; struck down in his early prime, he was not even old, as strong men count years, when he died. Still, he had lived his span; it is the constant work in the long evening of a short day, the refusal to sleep before night, which commands an admiration almost too deep, in my heart, for words. To the last he was not useless, not shelved, for he refused to let pass one single opportunity that came in his way, either for honest work or for deeds of benevolence, or for active enjoyment.

New phases, and crazes, of literary malformation met with no sympathy at his hands. Perhaps he was a little old-fashioned, and did not fully fathom the modifications which publicity has brought into our methods of literary appreciation. But a follower of the great leaders of his youth was sure of a discriminating welcome. His was a great tradition, and he remained true to it. As a child he had seen the assemblage of the wits around his father's dinner-table in Burlington Street, he had heard Moore, at the grand piano, singing Irish Melodies.

"I am a publisher," he would say laughingly—is there any man in London at this day who has seen and forgotten the side-look for sympathy which accompanied his laugh?—"but I am also a lover of literature." He might have added, "and of literary men." He had known hundreds of them, the biggest, and the most miserably small and mean. He had a condoning word for every human littleness. And, of all men I have ever loved and honoured, none had less littleness than himself. MAARTEN MAARTENS.

IRISH NATIONAL LITERATURE.

FROM CALLANAN TO CARLETON.

SOME of my countrymen include among national writers all writers born in Ireland, but I prefer, though it greatly takes from the importance of our literature, to include only those who have written under Irish influence and of Irish subjects. When once a country has given perfect expression to itself in literature, has carried to maturity its literary tradition, its writers, no matter what they write of, carry its influence about with them, just as Carlyle remained a Scotsman when he wrote of German kings or French revolutionists, and Shakespeare an Elizabethan Englishman when he told of Coriolanus or of Cressida. Englishmen and Scotsmen forget how much they owe to mature traditions of all kinds—traditions of feeling, traditions of thought, traditions of expression—for they have never dreamed of a life without these things. They write or paint or think or feel, and believe they do so to please no taste but their own, while in reality they obey rules and instincts which have been accumulating for centuries; their wine of life has been mellowed in ancient cellars, and they see but the ruby light in the glass. In a new country like Ireland—and English-speaking Ireland is very new—we are continually reminded of this long ripening by the immaturity of the traditions about us; if we are writers, for instance, we find it takes longer to learn to write than it takes an Englishman, and the more resolute we are to express the national character, and the more we understand the impossibility of putting our new wine into old bottles, the longer is our struggle with the trivial, the incoherent, the uncomely. A young Englishman of little knowledge or power may write with considerable skill and perfect good taste before he leaves his university, while an Irishman of greater power and knowledge will go through half his life piling up in the one heap the trivial and the memorable, the incoherent and the beautiful, the commonplace and the simple.

The Irish national writers who have bulked largest in the past have been those who, because they served some political cause which could not wait, or had not enough of patience in themselves, turned away from the unfolding and developing of an Irish tradition, and borrowed the mature English methods of utterance and used them to sing of Irish wrongs or preach of Irish purposes. Their work was never quite satisfactory, for what was Irish in it looked ungainly in an English garb, and what was English was never perfectly mastered, never wholly absorbed into their being. The most famous of these men was Thomas Moore, who quenched an admirable Celtic lyricism in an artificial glitter learned from the eighteenth century; the most noble was Thomas

Davis, who borrowed a manner from Macaulay and Scott and Lockhart, and with this strange help sang "a new soul into Ireland"; and the most inspired was John Mitchel, who thundered from his convict hulk a thunder that was half Carlyle's against England and the gods of his master. These were the most influential Irish voices of the first half of the century, and their influence was not at all the less because they had not a native style, for the one made himself wings out of the ancient Gaelic music, and the other two were passionate orators, expounding opinions which were none the less true because the utterance was alien; and not poets or romance-writers, priests of those Immortal Moods which are the true builders of nations, the secret transformers of the world, and need a subtle, appropriate language or a minute, manifold knowledge for their revelation. John Mitchel, by the right of his powerful nature and his penal solitude, communed indeed with the Great Gods, now as always none other than the Immortal Moods, and set down his communings in that marvellous "Jail Journal," but he could give them no lengthy or perfect devotion, for he belonged to his cause, to his opinions, to his ora'ories.

"A dreamer born,
Who with a mission to fulfil,
Left the muses' haunts to turn
The crank of an opinion mill."

Meanwhile Callanan, a wastrel who wandered from place to place, from trade to trade, and was now a schoolmaster, now a common soldier, had begun, or rather had expressed for the first time in English, the traditions which have moulded nearly all of modern Irish literature. While Moore's sentimental trivialities were in their first fame, he printed in Irish periodicals four translations from the Gaelic of great simplicity and charm, "The Outlaw of Loch Lene," a wild love song like those in Dr. Hyde's 'Connaught Love Songs'; "The Convict of Clonmel," the lament of a peasant condemned to death for some unknown offence; "The Dirge of O'Sullivan Bere," a fragment of barbaric cursing; and "Felix M'Carthy," the complaining of an old man whose children have been killed by the fall of a house. It is very difficult to describe the peculiar quality of these verses, for their quality is a new colour, a new symbol, rather than a thing of thought or form. Despite their constant clumsiness and crudity, they brought into the elaborate literature of the modern world the cold vehemence, the arid definiteness, the tumultuous movement, the immeasurable dreaming of the Gaelic literature. Generations may pass by before this tradition is mature enough in the new tongue for any to measure its full importance, but its importance to Ireland needed and needs no measuring.

Callanan was followed immediately by other translators, of whom Edward Walsh, a village schoolmaster, was the best, and these in turn by countless ballad-writers, who combined a little of Gaelic manner with a deal of borrowed rhetoric, and created that interesting, unsatisfying, pathetic movement which we call in Ireland "the poetry of Young Ireland." This movement, if we leave out one or two patriotic songs like "The Memory of the Dead," a few love songs like "The Marriage," and a single poignant lament over the failure of the rebellion called "Cushla Gal Mo Chre," was of little literary importance, but it helped to build up an audience for four important poets—Mr. Aubrey De Vere, William Allingham, Clarance Mangan, and Sir Samuel Ferguson. Mr. Aubrey De Vere has more often written under English than Irish influence, but the most desirable of his poems are those in which the immature tradition of Callanan and the ancient poets, modified and expanded to express the moods and passions that interest men to-day, has taken the place of the grave, impersonal Wordsworthian manner in which he tells of English kings and Saxon saints. William Allingham has written out in verse full of emotional subtlety and intellectual simplicity the customs and accidents of his native Ballyshannon.

"A wild West coast, a little town
Where little folk go up and down,
Human will and human fate,
What is little, what is great,
Howsoe'er the answer be,
Let me sing of what I know."

In him for the first time the slowly ripening tradition reached a perfect utterance; and the Immortal Moods, which are so impatient of rhetoric, so patient of mere immaturity, found in his poetry the one perfect ritual fashioned for their honour by Irish hands. The most perfect, but not the most passionate or most powerful, for the most passionate was made by Clarance Mangan, that strange visionary, ruined by drink and narcotics, who wrought some half-dozen lyrics of indescribable, vehement beauty; and the most powerful by Sir Samuel Ferguson, who has retold so many ancient tales of Deirdre, of Conary, of Concobar, of the "Tain Bo," that younger Ireland believes him, and I think rightly, the most Irish of poets. At his worst he is monotonous in cadence and clumsy in language; at his best a little like Homer in his delight in savage strength, in tumultuous action, in overshadowing doom. He had no deliberate art, and the tradition is often very immature in him, but in his moments of inspiration he is full of massy strength or tranquil beauty.

"A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Uileacan dubh O!
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley ear;
Uileacan dubh O!
There is honey in the trees when her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fanned;
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the yellow sand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland."

The tradition expressed by these poets was that of the bards and the Gaelic ballad-writers, but there was still another tradition, another expression of the same dominant moods, that which was embodied in the customs of the poor, their wakes, their hedge-schools, their factions, their weddings, their habits of thought and feeling, and this could best be described in prose. Miss Edgeworth had called up for a moment this ancient life in the mournful humour of Thady Quirk, but it was not until the brothers Banim and William Carleton began to write that it found adequate historians. Michael Banim was excellent in much of "Father Connell," and John Banim in the first half of "The Nolans," and in the opening chapters of "Crohore of the Billhook," and at odd moments in all his books; but only Carleton, born and bred a peasant, was able to give us a vast multitude of grotesque, pathetic, humorous persons, misers, pig-drivers, drunkards, schoolmasters, labourers, priests, madmen, and to fill them all with an abounding

vitality. He was but half articulate, half emerged from Mother Earth, like one of Milton's lions, but his wild Celtic melancholy gives to whole pages of "Fardaroughu" and of "The Black Prophet" an almost spiritual grandeur. The forms of life he described, like those described with so ebullient a merriment by his contemporary Lever, passed away with the great famine, but the substance which filled those forms is the substance of Irish life, and will flow into new forms which will resemble them as one wave of the sea resembles another. In future times men will recognise that he was at his best a true historian, the peasant Chaucer of a new tradition, and that at his worst he fell into melodrama, more from imperfect criticism than imperfect inspiration. In his time only a little of Irish history, Irish folk-lore, Irish poetry had been got into the English tongue; he had to dig the marble for his statue out of the mountain side with his own hands, and the statue shows not seldom the clumsy chiselling of the quarryman.

W. B. YEATS.

JAMES DYKES CAMPBELL.

MR. DYKES CAMPBELL came to London in middle life, and those who only knew him there may have thought that his special studies were due to his literary environment. It was not so. The young Celt, growing up thirty years ago by the crowded Clyde, was already consumed by the passion of his latest years. And it was not the mere vague love of poetry and poets, appropriate in youth and natural to Celtic youth. It was the specific passion for literary and biographical detail about the greater poets of his own century.

When I first knew Campbell as a young man in Glasgow, he was lavishing his spare hours and his slender means on a privately printed edition of the early poems of Tennyson. In this curious volume (my copy of which some too appreciative friend has long since transferred to his own shelves) all the resources of varied typography and ingenious interlineation were employed to record, and to present in one view, the numerous changes made by the poet in successive editions of the early lyrics. And according to my recollection the result was a very remarkable piece of work, in accuracy equal, and in exquisiteness much superior, even to Campbell's late edition of Coleridge. But of course that soon came to an end. It is pleasant though perilous work "to set a print upon the heels of the feet" of a great and explosive poet; but a young man cannot live upon it. Accordingly Dykes Campbell now abandoned the West of Scotland, leaving there among other friends his cousin and namesake Dr. Oswald Dykes, then near him at East Kilbride, and in Glasgow Dr. Marcus Dods, to whose classical discourses he had been a sedulous listener. He took flight first to Canada, and had some intercourse with academic men while in business there for two years, after which he went in for sugar-planting in Mauritius. In that island he made new friends—Besant was among them—and a happy marriage; but he left Mauritius and broke off his connection with trade sooner than most men would have done, for the attractions of London and the hope of resuming his early studies were before him.

In Dykes Campbell's life, Browning succeeded to Tennyson, and Coleridge to Browning. He was for some time, indeed, secretary of a London Browning Society, and afterwards came to know the poet himself. Almost my last letter from him this spring tells how he once tried to inspect, in Browning's hands, the "little old yellow book" which the latter had picked up in that square in Florence on "one day still fierce mid many a day struck calm." He tried; but "R. B. did not leave me a moment to examine it; of course his torrent of talk about it was better." As I look

Photographed by [*Russell & Sons.*

THE LATE MR. DYKES CAMPBELL.

back, indeed, I find that my most delightful reminiscences of Campbell mark the transition between his Browning and his Coleridge days. We had agreed to tramp together over the Quantocks, and Robert Browning came to meet Dykes Campbell at the Great Western station. "You are going to Dorset before you return," the poet said, "and I wish you to find out a place there which I have never seen—the house where my father was brought up as a boy, which he left as a young man because he could not get on with a step-mother, and to which he never returned, though he often spoke of it." We did go to Dorset, and I found the house; but Browning was away to Asolo before Campbell again saw him in London, and at Asolo he went on that long journey from which even poets do not return. But before going to Dorset we had a delightful expedition into the Coleridge region of the West. We saw Nether-Stowey, and the full-lipped portrait of the young S. T. C. in the possession of the two surviving relatives of his friend Tom Poole. We went to the neighbouring Alfoxden, and all but identified "the tall larch that grows beside our cottage door." We refused to be diverted by the venerable remains of Glastonbury or the more recent charms of Dunster. We ranged over the springing turf of the summits of all the Quantocks, and walked every step of the road from Stowey to Lynton, once traversed on foot by Coleridge in a single day in company with Hazlitt. It was the same walk which Wordsworth and Coleridge had taken together more leisurely in November, 1797, during the first ten miles of which they struck out the idea, and even wrote the opening verses, of a joint dream-poem to be called 'The Ancient Mariner.' And the most fascinating point of its course in our memory was the green gulf where nestles the village of Porlock, in a farmhouse near which Coleridge, six months later, distilled from those fatal poppies the honeydew of 'Kubla Khan.'

Campbell went again over the same ground, next year I think, in company with Canon Ainger; and in due course his investigations were all garnered into that

perfect volume which contains both the Poems and the Life of the poet. Severe self-repression in the character of biographer has been a source of regret to many readers—to all, I think, without exception, when they come to read on the last page the two exquisite sentences which not only sum up but solve the problem of Coleridge's marvellous life. It has been a sorrow even to casual readers; but how much more is it so to those who to-day miss that genial and radiant presence from the sunshine of their life!

A. TAYLOR INNES.

FREDERICK LOCKER: NOTES FOR A BIBLIOGRAPHY.

'LONDON LYRICS.'

THE late Mr. Frederick Locker's first publication in book form was his 'London Lyrics,' which came into the world, in 1857, in sufficiently modest fashion. It made but a slim volume, and contained only twenty-six pieces. The typography and the paper were tasteful, but the binding was not of a kind which would now pass muster. Messrs. Chapman and Hall were the publishers. The frontispiece consisted of an etching by George Cruikshank called "Building Castles in the Air"—an operation performed by a group of little winged urchins, sawing, hammering, carrying up mortar, and what not, under the direction of a master of the works; in the foreground, a dog, a parrot, a vase, a guitar, and so forth. The motto at the back of the title-page indicates, presumably, the light in which Mr. Locker then desired to be regarded: "Un pauvre cynique qui n'entend malice, et parfois sentimental." The dedication is to "Bertha: Whatever is not worthless in this book is dedicated to her memory"; and the preface informs us that though several of the 'Lyrics' "have already appeared in a detached form, they are now collected for the first time" (May, 1857). Among the contents of the volume are the following, all of them destined to be more or less popular in this or an amended shape: "The Castle in the Air," "The Cradle" (afterwards "The Old Cradle"), "O Tempora Mutantur" (afterwards deprived of the "O"), "Piccadilly," "The Old Clerk" (afterwards "The Old Government Clerk"), "The Pilgrims of Pall Mall," "Circumstance," "My Life is a ——," "Vanity Fair," "Bramble Rise," "Old Letters," "Susannah," "My First Born," "The Widow's Mite," "St. George's, Hanover Square," and "A Sketch in Seven Dials."

The edition of 1862, published in neat guise by B. M. Pickering, consists of thirty-nine pieces. It opens with the sonnet to "C. C. L." (Rome, 1862); and the "Reply to a Letter Enclosing a Lock of Hair" appears (for the first time) with one of those little original rhythmical mottoes which were so notable a feature of the editions of 1876 and thereafter. In this 1862 volume we first make acquaintance with "The Angora Cat," "Arcadia," the translation from Béranger, "The Bear Pit at the Zoological Gardens," "The Crossing Sweeper," "The Fairy Rose," "Glycère" (also from Béranger), "A Human Skull," "My Old Friend Posthumus," "My Neighbour Rose," "To my Grandmother," "O Domine Deus" (afterwards known as "Her Quiet Resting Place"), "The Old Oak Tree at Hatfield Broadoak," "On a Portrait of Dr. Laurence Sterne" (not printed after 1865), "A Song that was never Sung," "There is a Skeleton in Every House" (afterwards called "The Skeleton in the Cupboard"), and "The Victoria Cross" (now entitled "The Nymph of the Well").

In 1865 there appeared, in Moxon's series of "Miniature Poets" (an unhappy title!), "A Selection from the Works of Frederick Locker," with illustrations by Richard Doyle and a portrait of the author by Millais. This was simply a selection from 'London Lyrics,' with additional poems, not before "collected." Of these latter there were many—notably, "Advice to a Poet," "Beggars," "Geraldine," "The Housemaid," "An Invitation to Rome, and the Reply," "Implora Pace," "The Jester's Moral," "The Jester's Plea," "Janet," "The Legend of Sir Gyles Gyles," "Little Pitcher," "To my Mistress," "To my Mistress' Boots," "Mrs. Smith," "Mr. Placid's Flirtation," "On an Old Muff," "To Parents and Guardians," "The Rose and the Ring," "Unfortunate Miss Bailey," and "1863" (afterwards named "Nuptial Verses"). Altogether, there were sixty-one poems in this volume (reprinted in 1868 for private circulation), not counting the lines "To C. C. L." Of the reprinted pieces the author remarked that a few of them had been "restored to the reading of the First Edition" (1857).

The 'Lyrics' re-appeared publicly in 1870 with the imprimatur of Messrs. Strahan. In this case the number of poems was increased to sixty-nine, with the dedication as before. The contents were set out under the heads of "Published in 1857," "Published in 1862," "Published in 1865," and "Now First Collected and Published"—an excellent arrangement, which gave to the volume special interest. The poems comprised in the last-named section included "Geraldine and I" (afterwards "A Garden Idyll"), "Her Letters," "St. James's Street," "Rotten Row," "A Nice Correspondent," "An Old Buffer," "To Lina Oswald (aged five years)," and "On 'A Portrait of a Lady'"; in fact, some of the best-liked of Locker's work. At the end of the volume were (as in all previous editions but the first) a few notes, the last of which (in this instance) took the form of a brief dissertation on "the kind of verse which I have attempted in some of the pieces in this volume"—a kind of which, Mr. Locker thought, "Suckling, Swift, Prior, Cowper, Landor, Thomas Moore, Praed, and Thackeray" might be considered the "representative men."

In 1872 there came from Messrs. Strahan and Co. another edition of the 'Lyrics,' now reduced to sixty-seven (and dedication). Of these sixty-seven, eleven were new to volume form in England; *e.g.*, "Arcady," "Extract from Mrs. Rose's Diary," "Episode in the Story of a Muff," "Gerty's Necklace" and "Gerty's Glove" (afterwards, more decorously, "Gertrude's Necklace" and "Gertrude's Glove"), "At Hurlingham," "The Music-Palace," and "A Terrible Infant." The aforesaid dissertation was reprinted, with additions.

Messrs. Isbister and Co. published the edition of 1874—sixty-nine poems (and dedication), seven of them new. "At Her Window" (afterwards No. 1 of "Mabel"), "It Might Have Been," "Love, Time, and Death," "The Reason Why," "The Unrealised Ideal," and "A Winter Fantasy"—all figured here for the first time within "boards." The little dissertation on social verse also re-appeared here, extended to twice its original size.

In 1876 came (with the imprimatur of H. S. King and Co.) "a new edition, enlarged and finally revised." This had for frontispiece the aforesaid portrait by Millais, slightly altered, with a reproduction of the author's autograph. The poems numbered seventy-two (and dedication); the notes were repeated, and with them the short essay, revised and again slightly augmented. The chief feature of this edition is the use made of some of the 'Lyrics' as mottoes for the others. Thus "A Sketch in Seven Dials" is here placed at the head of "Piccadilly," "A Kind Providence" at the head of "Tempora Mutantur," "Extract from Mrs. Rose's Diary" at the head of "Circumstance," "Arcady" at the head of "Her Muff" ("Mabel" No. 2), and so forth. In other instances only short extracts from 'Lyrics' are used. In some cases the mottoes appear to be new; *e.g.*, "Cupid on the Crossing" at the head of "The Pilgrims of Pall Mall." On the whole, this is one of the most desirable of the editions of the 'Lyrics.'

Messrs. C. Kegan Paul and Co. issued the edition of 1878—seventy-one poems and dedication, notes and the little essay.

[It may be as well to record at this point that in 'Patchwork,' published in 1879, and mentioned below, Mr. Locker published for the first time two poems, "Little Dinky (a Rhyme of Less than One)" and "Many Years After" (a sequel to "The Pilgrims of Pall Mall').]

In 1881 Mr. Locker printed and circulated privately a selection from the 'Lyrics'—made by Mr. Austin Dobson—which had for frontispiece a (proof) drawing by Randolph Caldecott (showing a country girl with a book in one hand and a pail in another, a photographer "taking" a "railway

inn," and so forth), and, immediately before the notes, a (proof) drawing by Miss Kate Greenaway, representing a little child in a wood or thicket. It was in this volume that Mr. Austin Dobson's admirable tribute to the 'Lyrics,' beginning,

"Apollo made, one April day,
A new thing in the rhyming way,"

first figured. They are dated "Rowfant, Oct. 1st, 1881." The "lyrics" in this issue are thirty-six in number, and one of them, "Yorick's Funeral," is, apparently, "now first collected."

A copy of this 1881 volume is in the Library of the British Museum. That is not the case with the book of 'London Rhymes' (not 'Lyrics' this time) which Mr. Locker printed in 1882 and presented to some favoured persons. This is inaccessible at present to the general reader. It contains forty-four pieces, of which nine are found for the first time in volume form. These are—"Baby Mine," "Du Rys de Madame D'Allebret," "An Epitaph," "From the Cradle," "The Lady I Love," "My Neighbour's Wife," "Ma Future," "Our Photographs," and "The Twins."

We now come to three New York editions—two in 1883 and one in 1884. One of the 1883 books ('The Poems of Frederick Locker'), published by White, Stokes, and Allen, was, as Mr. Locker states in the autograph note by him in the British Museum's copy, "a pirated edition." "To make it less unworthy," continues Mr. Locker, "I have inserted in the fly-leaves at the end the autograph of John Keats, a fragment of 'Otho the Great,' and the autograph of Alfred Tennyson, a fragment of his 'Lover's Tale'" (Nov., 1883). The volume is a dumpy one, and contains seventy-four poems, with notes. One of the poems, "With a Volume of Sketches," appears for the first time. On the inside of the cover is pasted a coloured copy of Mr. Locker's book-plate (designed and drawn by Miss Kate Greenaway).—The other 1883 volume was printed for the New York Book Fellows' Club, and includes the portrait by Millais. As preface, there is Mr. Locker's stanza beginning, "O for the Poet's Voice," with, below it, a reproduction of the book-plate by Mr. Marks. Of the poems (thirty-five in number) one, "The Cuckoo," is new. They are freely illustrated, one of the drawings (at the head of "A Garden Lyric") being by Caldecott, and another (at the head of "Little Dinky") being the drawing by Miss Greenaway included in the privately-printed 1881 volume.—In 1884 Messrs. White, Stokes, and Allen published in New York an "authorized edition" of 'The Poems of Frederick Locker.' This consisted of the pirated edition, with thirteen poems added. Of these thirteen, nine first figured in the privately-printed volume of 1882 (see list above). On the cover of this book is given a representation in gold of the book-plate by Miss Greenaway. The frontispiece is a portrait of Mr. Locker, of later date than that by Millais, and not to be found, I believe, elsewhere. On the title-page is a reproduction of the book-plate by Marks.—A copy of each of these three volumes is in the Library of the British Museum. Two other editions of the 'Lyrics' seem to have been issued in New York in 1884.

To return to the English editions: The ninth, that of 1883, was published by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. The tenth, that of 1885, was issued by the same publishers. It includes the portrait by Millais, with autograph; has, for preface, the stanza beginning, "O for the Poet's Voice;" and comprises fifty poems, with the notes. Fifty large-paper copies were printed. The eleventh edition was issued by Messrs. Kegan Paul in 1891; the twelfth, and (so far) the last, in 1893. The latter contains the portrait by Millais, and autograph; has for preface Mr. Dobson's quatrain (1881); and includes sixty-four pieces, with notes.

'LYRA ELEGANTIARUM.'

This work, 'A Collection of Some of the Best Specimens of Vers de Société and Vers d' Occasion in the English Language by Deceased Authors,' appeared originally (in 16mo) in 1867. It was compiled and edited by Mr. Locker, who prefixed to the collection a delightful essay on the species of verse of which it was composed. The original edition, published by E. Moxon and Co., and dedicated to the Dean of St. Paul's, was speedily withdrawn, the editor having unwittingly included some pieces by Landor, of which the copyright had not expired. This issue was followed in the same year by "a new and revised edition," which contained fourteen pages fewer (of text), the prose introduction remaining practically as before. An edition was published in New York in 1884. The "Collection" was reproduced, "revised and enlarged," in 1891, as a volume of "The Minerva Library," Mr. Coulson Kernahan being associated with Mr. Locker in the editorship. Of this volume a large-paper edition has been issued.

'PATCHWORK.'

This appeared in 1879, being issued by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. It has never been reprinted—which is singular, for it is a charming *mélange* of original little essays, of original anecdotes, and of original poems (see above), as well as of scraps of selected prose and verse, "picked up from all sorts of people, in all kinds of places, from the corners of newspapers, and such like." There is a dedication, and there is a preface; and on the title-page the Marks book-plate is reproduced.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON.
From a Drawing by Mr. Du Maurier.

'THE ROWFANT LIBRARY.'

In 1886 Mr. Locker issued, through Mr. Bernard Quaritch, 'A Catalogue of the Printed Books, Manuscripts, Autograph Letters, Drawings and Pictures, Collected by Frederick Locker-Lampson.' To this Mr. Locker contributed a preface, in which he stated that the catalogue had been edited by Mr. A. W. Pollard, of the British Museum, and Mr. R. H. Lister, of the Board of Trade. The book has for frontispiece an etching by George Cruikshank, dated 1868, and portraying in characteristic fashion "Fairy Connoisseurs Inspecting Mr. Frederick Locker's Collections of Drawings, etc., etc., etc." After the preface come two pieces of verse by Mr. Andrew Lang—"To F. L." and "The Rowfant Books"—both of which are to be found in Mr. Lang's 'Books and Book-men' (1887). The second section of the Catalogue has for frontispiece a portrait of Mr. Locker by Mr. George Du Maurier, and at the end of the volume is

a reproduction of the book-plate by Marks. Only 150 copies were offered to the public.

[The above Notes have reference solely to the *volumes* issued by Mr. Locker. I have not attempted to trace his fugitive pieces, some of which, however, have been shown to me by his nephew, Mr. Algernon Locker (editor of the *Morning Post*), to whose kindness I am also indebted for some of the information given above. I have further to thank Mr. Locker's daughter, Mrs. Birrell, for assistance obligingly vouchsafed to me. For the Notes as they stand, with all their imperfections on their head, I am of course wholly responsible.] W. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

NEW BOOKS.

EURIPIDES THE RATIONALIST.*

Dr. Verrall can see round a corner. Indeed, he claims that without that capacity no one can understand Euripides, whose style is so peculiar that, "the simpler and clearer it seems, the closer you have to watch him, sure that at last his truest and gravest meaning will be found in a corner or round a corner."

The cause of this strange phenomenon is to be found in the fact that, while at Athens plays were only exhibited in connection with religious festivals, Euripides himself was a notorious sceptic. Wishing, therefore, to employ his tragedies as an instrument for propagating rationalistic views, he was compelled to conceal his real meaning; and, though the traditional gods and miracles appear in his works, his real aim is by hints, innuendoes, and insinuations to suggest that the popular belief in them is wholly false.

In support of this thesis Dr. Verrall examines, among others, a play well known in England from Browning's *Balaustion*, and also from its recent reproduction at Bradfield—the "Alcestis." In it king Admetus is promised deliverance from imminent death if he can find someone to die for him. After appealing in vain to his father and mother, he at last finds in Alcestis, his wife, the desired substitute. Her death is represented on the stage, and then, while preparations are being made for the funeral, Hercules arrives accidentally, seeking entertainment. Admetus, who has a reputation for hospitality, assures him that it is only a stranger whom they are preparing to bury, and Hercules enters, dines, and becomes decidedly convivial, until at last a servant, vexed at such indecorum, reveals the truth to him. Thereupon, being deeply grieved, he marches to the tomb and, when Death comes to claim his victim, drives him off and takes back Alcestis alive to her husband.

Now in modern times this play has been severely criticised. The death of Alcestis is allowed to be supremely pathetic, but on the other hand Admetus is a cur, and the scene in which he lectures his father for refusing to die for him is grotesque in its selfishness; the rowdyism of Hercules is farcical, and, in general, it is maintained that instead of the great artist which antiquity considered Euripides to be we have here only a composer of patchwork, or, as Mr. Swinburne calls him, "a botcher." Perhaps the sensible view would be to say that Euripides takes the old legend and does what he can with it, making the sensitive weep over Alcestis, the jovial chuckle over Hercules, and affording to the intellectual a rich treat in the clever and captivating cynicism of the dialogue throughout. The critics, however, who know what a play should be, are on the whole condemnatory, and pronounce the piece defective. There are, it is true, rash editors who pronounce Admetus a model man and Hercules an average deity; but these unhappy men are in the position of divines who defend Jael and Jacob, and are easily torn to pieces by a writer like Dr. Verrall. With the critics on the other hand he agrees. The play is, indeed, very bad viewed straightforwardly and from the front, but walk behind the scenes with Dr. Verrall, take a glance "round the corner," and you will find perfect art.

The object, he tells us, of Euripides is to "kill the legend," to prove that it is only "a fairy-tale for fools." Alcestis never dies; her death-scene is an elaborate skit, in which the author shows us a nervous and overwrought female passing "from weakness to exhaustion, and finally to hallucination, fainting, coma, and all the appearance of death," so that she may be promptly carried out to burial, when, of course, all Hercules has to do is to go and shake her, and so accomplish the marvel of a resurrection to life. It is a very pretty miracle play for the vulgar, but for subtler souls a lesson in scepticism, made all the more piquant because given under the disguise of a religious performance. "Without the use of a single plain blasphemy, without giving one single proof of impiety at which an indulgent conformist (*sic*) could not comfortably wink, or which a confessed believer could not speciously disallow, the author contrives in scene after scene . . . . to impress with accumulating emphasis his own conception of the story, until we arrive at a catastrophe too deep for any emotion except *the pure intellectual thrill of thought uniting with thought, just only the joy of understanding*."

One wonders vaguely what such words as those italicized mean, but one wonders still more how a critic who can see round corners fails to discern what is under his nose, and does not recognize that, though he may establish the fame of Euripides as a dealer in "pure intellectual thrills," yet he ruins it as a dramatist. If the death of Alcestis is a mere imposition, if it is merely intended to suggest a hysterical woman imagining herself dying and dead, then the whole play is, as a play, ridiculous. Yet Dr. Verrall insists on this, and gravely tells us that if Euripides meant us to believe the death real, then the introduction of the death-scene is "an extraordinary error on the part of a practised composer." "Play-wrights," he says, "and play-goers know that an acted death . . . is a difficult business, apt to fall flat and miss persuasion. . . . To put it in action, the whole process down to the last expiring breath, and 'expose it to the incorruptible witness of the eye' is to court a failure." Such language is incredible. Has the writer of it ever seen a play called Hamlet? Has he ever seen an actress called Sarah Bernhardt? If he has, what does he mean by saying that "play-wrights and play-goers" regard a death-scene as "an extraordinary error"?

It would be unfair, however, to judge Dr. Verrall's work from the paradoxical character of his conclusions. He is so full of learning and yet so free from scholastic dulness, so fresh and vivacious, so original in thought, that he carries the reader away with him. Like Bentley, although he is more often wrong than right in his views, yet he is so brilliant that there is more to be learned from his mistakes than from the tedious conventionalities of half-a-dozen orthodox critics. He does at any rate make what he calls "a humble effort to understand" the author he examines, and in the course of his examination he is continually bringing to light points which have hitherto escaped observation. What his work lacks is that saving common sense and sobriety of judgment without which not even genius will make a man a first-rate critic. A single instance will illustrate the point. Few men doubtless understand Euripides; many, on the other hand, know Dickens. Dr. Verrall incidentally describes 'Pickwick' as "a comic tale in which the male characters, good and bad alike, are sopping and swilling daily and hourly throughout." Does he think that such an *obiter dictum* on a great work is likely to commend his formal judgment on the "Alcestis"? If he thus misrepresents a writer of his own day, is he a safe guide with regard to one who lived long before the Christian era? Probably not; but at the same time he is so entertaining that it is worth while taking an excursion with him, not because you want to arrive anywhere in particular, but merely to get some healthy exercise in pleasant company.

T. E. PAGE.

* Euripides the Rationalist; a Study in the History of Art and Religion. By A. W. Verrall, Litt. D. Sc. Pp. 263. (Cambridge University Press. 1895.) 7s. 6d.

THE ROD, THE ROOT, AND THE FLOWER.*

Mr. Patmore here fascinates us as frequently as in his other books, and tries our temper with even greater severity. A more aggravating little volume could hardly be found than this, which has at first the harmless air of being a

* 'The Rod, the Root, and the Flower.' By Coventry Patmore. 5s. (Bell.)

collection of pious aphorisms, but which wounds our (the average sympathetic reader's) susceptibilities on every third page or so, charms us scarcely less often, rouses now our most combative spirit and now our laughter, and silences by the intimate words of truth and genius. The aphorisms are not all, even in form, Mr. Patmore's. He says he has picked them wherever they were to be gathered. But inasmuch as he has set them down here conspicuously, and as they read like confirmatory annotations to a great deal in his 'Religo Poetae,' they may be taken to represent, more or less substantially, his creed and religious aspirations.

It must be acknowledged that, apart from their spiritual value, they are of first-rate human interest. Sublimity and pettiness, humility and arrogance, indifference to terrestrial matters and very ordinary spite, ethereal beauty and something not far removed from grossness, confront and confound each other on every other page. There is a great deal in the book that would need columns on columns of space to discuss adequately, and a literary journal would hardly be the place for such discussion. There are deep matters here, deeper far than any differences between Catholic and Protestant dogmas, going down to the roots of human motive and morality; and of only one or two would it be profitable to speak in a few words. Mr. Patmore, whether he like it or not, leaves a reader with the impression of being very Protestant. He claims in so emphatic a way the right of private interpretation in spiritual matters. He would say, and rightly, he has authority for all his utterances, but for a good son of the Church, methinks, he selects his points of special loyalty over much. You will not catch him defenceless against such an accusation. "We must believe nothing in religion," he says, "but what has been declared by the Church; but many things declared by the Church must be spoken by the Spirit in the Soul before she can hear them in the word of the Church. Her orthodoxy, then, consists in this, that she must try what she hears in herself by that word in which all is contained, either explicitly or implicitly." Tempting to mental and moral jugglery! What he calls "the foul, puritanical leaven of the Reformation," the sin of desiring to be purer than God, who glorified the human body by the Incarnation, raises his temper to an unbecoming heat. But neither history nor theological inquiry will bear him out. From A' Kempis I could more easily than from any Protestant divine find the antidote to Mr. Patmore's humanly convenient point of view. "Sancti autem Dei, et omnes devoti amici Christi, non attenderunt quae carni placuerunt, nec quae in hoc tempore floruerunt." There are scores more such passages, as everybody knows; and there is this warning, too, not irrelevant here. "Quaecumque enim diligo, de his libenter loquor, et audio: atque talium imagines mecum ad domum reporto." And even if A' Kempis be the puritan of Catholicism, he is not so far removed from the simple, straightforward interpretation of the Church's doctrines as are Mr. Patmore and the others of like imaginings, all Catholic degenerates, whatever ages separate them. The Church, it is true, has utilised and sanctified human emotions with a sympathy and an expediency equally marvellous. But Mr. Patmore exaggerates the human note. Every creed and every symbol are easily debased by the unintelligent and the unspiritual; but this interpretation of Catholicism, and the symbols here employed, have the peculiarity that only saints and poets—and these are woefully rare—could entertain them without growing earthlier.

There is another doctrine insisted on here, familiar to all readers of Mr. Patmore's prose or verse. It finds an echo in many hearts, who cry out in terror at the thought of what we call Infinity. In his "Tuam Legem Dilexi" he anathematizes the

> "Word horrible! at feud
> With life, and the braced mood
> Of power and joy and love."

He makes of the Church a little home; sublimates the human affections; speaks to man familiarly of the bonds put by the Almighty on Himself—

> "How narrow is He
> And how the wide, waste field of possibility
> Is only trod
> Straight to His homestead in the human heart"—

in the kindly tones of the fatherly and comprehending priest. Only, he should not be so terribly scornful of those who feel joy rather than loneliness at what they conceive as Infinity.

Of the passages of magnificent self-complacency, of those idealising in fine language the comfortable conditions and habits of life, of his imbecilities on the subject of women, one might talk for a week, indignantly or with laughter, according to our humour. But it should be remembered that there is a saving inconsistency about him, and that his enormities can be mostly refuted out of his own mouth. It is more gracious to speak rather of the beauties of his book. They are many, and sometimes startlingly true and acute. I had marked a dozen passages at least to quote, but the editor shares Mr. Patmore's views about the blessedness of limits, and I will content myself with one, less epigrammatic than the others, but holding in it much suggestion. The subject is the difficulty of recognising a saint. "He may impress you, indeed, by his harmlessness and imperturbable good temper, and probably by some lack of appreciation of modern humour, and ignorance of some things which men are expected to know, and by never seeming to have much use for his time when it can be of any service to you; but, on the whole, he will give you an agreeable impression of general inferiority to yourself. . . . If you compel him to speak about religion, he will probably surprise and scandalise you by the childishness and narrowness of his thoughts. . . . If you talk to *him* on such matters, he will kindly approve your pious expressions, and you will conclude that you had better drop the subject, for you will not find that he has that ardent interest in your spiritual affairs which you have perhaps experienced from persons of far inferior reputation for sanctity. . . . The Saint does everything that any other decent person does, only somewhat better, and with a totally different motive." A. M.

SHAKSPERE.*

Ten Brink is reported to have confessed that what kept him true to the study of English amid the allurements of the many other intellectual fields in which he was a master was the supreme fascination of Shakspere. Unhappily, he was not destined to give full expression to his thoughts about this central topic of his chosen study. After traversing the tangled wilderness of mediæval English literature, his history breaks off at the accession of Elizabeth, just within sight of the promised land which he was never to possess. It is fortunate therefore that, in default of the full and deliberate handling of Shakspere which he designed to give, we have at least the indications furnished by the present little volume of what was in his mind about him. It consists of five popular lectures delivered at Frankfort in 1888 without any thought of publication. After his death they were prepared for the press by one of the ablest of his scholars, Professor Edward Schröder, of Berlin, whose interesting preface might well have been included in the translation. The following words especially ought to be borne in mind by English Shakspereans who might, naturally enough, be disposed to criticise these lectures for not containing what they do not offer. "It was not ten Brink's way to work systematically through the literature of a subject, especially before he had approached the end of his independent study of it; and the unwieldy mass of Shakspere literature in particular, which would have embarrassed anyone else, he regarded rather with humorous indifference. Whoever therefore cares more to hear the newest thing in specialist discussion than to listen to a Shakspere scholar who united to the richest philological and historic culture a unique capacity for thinking a poet's thoughts after him, had better lay these lectures down. They are an introduction, not to Shakspere literature, but to the poet himself."

Of the five lectures the first ("The Poet and the Man") is biographical; the second ("A Chronology of Shakspere's Works") enters in an interesting way into the phases of his style. But the principal attraction of the little volume belongs to the last three, on Shakspere as a Dramatist, as a

* 'Shakspere.' Funf Vorlesungen aus dem Nachlass von Bernhard ten Brink. (Strassburg: Trubner.)

'Five Lectures on Shakespeare.' By Bernhard Ten Brink. Translated by Julia Franklin. (Bell.)

Comic, and as a Tragic poet. It is characteristic of the breadth of treatment which marks these lectures that he pauses in a trenchant criticism of the *Lucrece* to consider why Shakspere, "so normal, healthy, and simple a nature, is gifted so exclusively for the drama, not at all for epic poetry, while it is precisely epic poetry that flourishes in ages characterised by a simple, healthy spirit? The discussion, though abounding in happy remarks, assumes perhaps rather more than we can fairly infer about Shakspere's early life. More instructive is the detailed comparison which follows of *Romeo and Juliet* with Arthur Brooke's poem, where the difference between a dramatic and a merely epic conception of the same story is illustrated with fine insight. Thus in the poem the feud of Montagu and Capulet, though mentioned, has no value for the action. It is a mere incidental fact of no interest to the poet. It was reserved for Shakspere to bring it into vital connection with the tragedy of the lovers, and thus to convert a love-story pure and simple into a picture of the interworking of love and hate, of exalted passion and the meaner animosities which convulse communities. The death of the lovers prepares for the reconciliation of the hostile families. From this conception, it is justly pointed out, sprang all Shakspere's deviations from his model, sprang the entire structure of the tragedy.

The lecture on the Comedies is an eloquent appreciation of the Shaksperean or Romantic type of comedy. He justly points out that the defect of most of the comedies in unity of comic structure cannot be ascribed to want of skill; since at the very outset of his career Shakspere showed in the *Comedy of Errors* a perfect command of comic technique. The setting of serious incident in which he places the comic casualities of the main plot, pointedly illustrates the graver and more realistic mood of Shaksperean comedy. "Before his soul floated a vision of the world more richly and profoundly conceived than that produced by this blending of two fables of Plautus. By weaving into the action the figures and fortunes of the parents of the two brothers Antipholus, old Ægeon and Æmilia, he gained for his play, so full of strange adventures, a setting which is romantic, fairy-like, yet charged with deep meaning." For English readers there is considerable freshness in ten Brink's fine defence of the Shaksperean as against the Molièresque type of comedy; and his peculiar mastery in the two fields of Romance and Germanic philology is nowhere more happily made use of. A certain lofty detachment from the methods and the pedantries of any one domain of knowledge is throughout characteristic of this little book as a piece of criticism. It is the work of a man of genius dealing with a subject which he had never ceased to contemplate, but in which he had never immersed himself. It has the freedom and the ease of a piece of art composed on a topic familiar but not hackneyed, charged with the associated memories of a lifetime, but still rich in provocative stimulus and unsought inspirations.

The translation—no easy task—is excellent. We have noticed very few flaws, hardly any of consequence. The English reader is likely, however, to be puzzled by a sentence which speaks of the "Old Frankish tone" of a certain English poem; a too literal rendering of *altfrankisch*, "old-fashioned." One regrets, too, that the striking portrait of ten Brink prefixed to the original should not have been reproduced, notwithstanding that, as Professor Schröder says, it fails to convey the expressiveness of the head or any one of the wonderfully varied expressions of the eyes. C. H. HERFORD.

FRINGILLA.*

At the lowest estimate this is a literary curiosity of uncommon interest. But between that cold view of the matter and the impossible one of regarding 'Fringilla' as possessed of high poetic merit, there is another in which all who read books with human, as well as literary, sympathy must surely rest. It has not a tithe of the art to be found in the most trivial verse-books of the day. And of poetry, using the word in any sense that would win general agreement, there is not much to show. But it has something, nevertheless, so genuine and so arresting to any reader not too finnicking about style and melody, that mockery of the external uncouthness is more than half silenced. Mr. Blackmore is a real, hearty lover of romance; he likes it pure and fresh, yet not too ethereally beyond common human interest; and some legendary stories that have struck his imagination he has put into words, not at all suitable to their theme, but vigorous and wide-awake, and expressing, at least, his own delight.

As long ago as 1854 Mr. Blackmore wrote an address to his pen:—

"Thou feeble implement of mind,
Wherewith she strove to scrawl her name;
But, like a mitcher, left behind
No signature, no stroke, no claim,
No hint that she hath pined.

Shall ever come a stronger time,
When thou shalt be a tool of skill,
And steadfast purpose, to fulfil
A higher task than rhyme?"

Whatever be the exact meaning of his words, without twisting them overmuch we can acknowledge that his aspiration has been fulfilled. Only, the "tool of skill" has been employed, with a right instinct, in other fields than verse, and English fiction is the richer. No laborious nights and days, no long pondering on art, would have made him into a skilful or a charming rhymer. The verse of 'Fringilla' is that of one who finds exceptional difficulty in metrical expression.

"The form, if any form it had,
Was likest to a nightly vision
In mantle of amazement clad,
A terror-sense, without precision,
Of something bad"—

This verse, neither better nor worse than scores of others, could not have been produced by anyone with a nice ear for melody, nor with a sense of the obligations of rhythm. If the uncouthness were occasional there might be reason in grumbling, but it is so characteristic and consistent that one grows to accept, without a start of irritation, lines like

"As at a window of heaven thrown up,
All in a dazzling blaze are shown up,"

and, with a certain enjoyment, the description of Duke Iram's horse scornfully watching the preparations for the sacrifice of the Egyptian maiden—

"He hath snuffed the great Sahara,
And the mute parade of stars;
Shall he brook this shrill fanfara,
Ramshorns, pigskins, screechy jars?"

But in the midst of the rough mass there are many vigorous lines, striking, unconventional epithets, and grave thoughts that find gentle and sweet utterance. The best of these are in "Mount Arafa," a legend of the parting of Adam and Eve after their expulsion from Paradise, and their blissful meeting after many sad wanderings.

"The Spirit of the Lord arose,
And made the earth and heaven to quiver,
And scattered all his hellish foes,
And deigned His good stock to deliver
From all their woes.

So long the twain had strayed apart,
That each as at a marvel gazed,
With eyes abashed, and brain amazed;
While heart enquired of heart.

Our God hath made a fairer thing
Than fairest dawn of summer day—
A gentle, timid, fluttering,
Confessing glance, that seeks alway
Rest for its wing.

A sweeter sight than azure skies,
Or golden star thereon that glideth;
And blest are they who see it rise,
For, if it cometh, it abideth
In woman's eyes."

Not high poetry this, maybe, but genuine.

His principal stories—"Lita of the Nile," which tells how a maiden vowed to the great river-god for the sake of her people is saved from her fate without losing her patriotic

* 'Fringilla: Some Tales in Verse.' By Richard Doddridge Blackmore. Pictured by Louis Fairfax-Muckley. With three Drawings by James Linton. 10s. net. (E. Mathews.)

and religious honour; "Kadisha" and "Mount Arafa," two Adam and Eve legends, and "Pausias and Glycera"—may lose something in the telling. They are not very dramatic in his hands. But he brings out their plain obvious meaning plainly—not an ordinary feat for a minor poet—and he does not make them dull. "Buscombe" may be passed over in silence. It is not gracious to make marked reference to Wordsworth's "Idiot Boy."

We do not know whether or not the persuasion of friends was the impelling force to the publication of 'Fringilla,' but even with a sense of the literary obligation of anyone who has written such excellent prose romances as Mr. Blackmore, we cannot regard the publication as an indiscretion. It has revealed such a lasting belief in beauty and purity, such fresh and genuine emotions, that we like the writer better than before, and find reason for this in the line that ends "Mount Arafa"—

"For half the mind is heart."

Another interest attaches to the book. The decorative designs of Mr. Fairfax-Muckley are charming. The representation of the preparations for the sacrifice of Lita is one of the finest things yet produced by the school of design now particularly associated with Birmingham. Mr. Linton's illustrations to "Pausias and Glycera" are interesting and poetical; but it was perhaps a mistake to break the unity of the decoration by using them.

LETTERS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.*

It will always remain a melancholy coincidence in literary history that the publication of these Letters of Coleridge should have been followed so closely by the death of Mr. Dykes Campbell, "S. T. C.'s" last and best biographer. In a sense, indeed, no one but the editor or Mr. Campbell himself (to whom due acknowledgments of obligation are made in the preface) could review the book with thorough competence. For the publication is even now admittedly not quite complete; and the letters occasionally require explanation which could only be given by those acquainted with the still unpublished documents. As far as this explanation can be given by notes, Mr. Ernest Coleridge has supplied it excellently. But there are necessary gaps in the text, and the plan of the book does not include a connecting narrative to fill those gaps.

Of what it adds to our previous knowledge there appear to be two rather different opinions. I have seen it spoken of as finally lifting the veil—as telling us all about Coleridge that we ought to care to know, and so forth. I cannot, I confess, quite take this view. The collection is an invaluable one. It gives a great many interesting things which are new (especially the long, furious, and extremely characteristic letter of railing accusation to Southey in reference to the split over Pantisocracy). And it contains, as to the things that were known before, the first proper collection of them, the first juxtaposition, from a score or more of different and scattered sources. I am not, indeed, quite sure that it would not have been better, in the cases where the answers to these letters or the letters to which they are answers exist, to have published them too; but this would probably have been in some cases impracticable, and it would anyhow have made an already rather bulky book bulkier still.

But as to the upshot of the whole—for it is impossible here to speak of parts—I own that after very careful reading of the letters through I do not seem to myself to have a much clearer notion of Coleridge than I had before. My notion is justified additionally in parts, is corrected and modified a little in other parts; but it does not extend itself much further into the double mystery, first of the combination of such almost unexampled moral weakness with such intellectual strength, and secondly of the co-existence not merely of such genius and such love for literature, but of such constant practice of it with such an amorphous and disappointing result as a whole. It is not so much Coleridge's poetry that is in question; for though that undoubtedly contains a surprising mixture of superlative goodness, easy mediocrity, and the positively bad, this is nothing so very out-of-the-way in poetry, and the goodness of what is good is so transcendent, so unique, so altogether ravishing and final, that critical grumbling is almost as foolish as it is ungrateful. It is the question why the prose is not better as a whole than it is that is the real crux. And so of the moral side. It is as great a mistake of the anti-Philistines to protest against harsh speaking of Coleridge's character as it is of the Philistines to abuse that character over much. For the problem in his case is not what it is or has been thought to be in Bacon's or in Dryden's, in Byron's or in Shelley's case—whether he did or did not do certain particular things which are dishonourable or vicious or even criminal, according to this and that standard. It is that the man seems to have had no moral stamina whatever, that in point of dignity, straightforwardness, resolution, and all similar virtues he was simply boneless.

On this double problem, ethical and artistic, the letters throw but little light. A little, I think, they do throw; and it is noticeable that this little has somewhat changed the tenor of the usual Coleridgean apologetics. We used to be told that it was all that wicked opium. Now opium is not entirely relieved of the blame, but a good deal of it is shifted partly to the fair shoulders of Miss Mary Evans for not marrying the poet, and partly to the sturdy ones of Robert Southey for making him marry some one else. I own myself no more satisfied with this explanation than with the other. Both neglect (though the later not quite so completely as the earlier) the eternal and immutable dictum that defilement comes not by what goeth into a man, but by what cometh out of him. To say that Coleridge was weak, ethically and in literature, because he took opium, is to put the cart before the horse in the strangest of all possible fashions. As a matter of fact, of course, he took opium because he was weak. Nor is the case much otherwise in the other matters. I do not for one moment believe that he would have been any better if he had married Mary Evans than he was when he had married Sara Fricker, or that he would after a year or two have cared any more for Mary than he did for Sara. Indeed, Professor Dowden and Mr. Stopford Brooke, both enthusiastic Coleridgeans, admit that, in the words of the latter, he "never truly loved any woman." I should not say that; I should say that he never truly loved any woman for more than a few months.

The truth seems to me to be that Coleridge's sphere was the vague, and that this vagueness, rather unluckily for him and still more so for his friends, extended into every aspect and function of his being. We shall not, if we are wise, grumble at it, for it gave us the special beauty of his most beautiful poetry; it communicated to his conversation and theories the impalpable charm that was so great a stimulus to the best minds of the next generation. But Nemesis, outraged by this spectacle of a human being freed from human limitations and conditions, ordained that from this freedom should come hopeless instability in conduct, incapacity to finish, to achieve, to do anything four-square and final in art. For my part, puzzling as he is, I have not the least desire to have Coleridge in any form that might conceivably have lost us 'Kubla Khan.' I am quite satisfied with 'The Ancient Mariner.' I think the versification of 'Christabel' in the hand a great deal better than any number of 'Treatises on Logic' in the bush. But I do not see that we gain by going beyond this acquiescence and trying to prove that he was an archangel not so very much damaged after all, and that if somebody had let him marry some one, and some one else had not made him marry yet another, he would not have been damaged at all.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

* 'Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.' Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. Two vols. (London: Heinemann.)

GEORGE MORLAND, PAINTER.*

Mr. Richardson's 'Life of Morland' comes opportunely with a notable increase in the popularity of Morland's work. The story of the painter's extraordinary career is adequately and sympathetically told. We notice that Mr. Richardson gives no countenance to the tradition that Morland's father filled his own pocket by making the boy slave at his art. The manner of his education was a mistake; but it was a mistake of parents who meant well by their

* 'George Morland, Painter.' By Ralph Richardson. (Elliot Stock.)

child. Morland's successes were the result of a reaction of a robust, but ill-balanced and, one is inclined to think, not over-scrupulous, nature from a pedantic upbringing. Heir to a baronetcy—Mr. Richardson seems to think that it was his if he had cared to claim it, and shows that the painter himself had little doubt on the point—Morland did splendid work surrounded by dissolute companions, led an irregular life with stable-boys and smugglers and the like, and came to an untimely end. His biographer compares him to Burns, and demands that Englishmen should forget his life, even as the Scots have got over the frailties of their poet, and remember his pictures only. At the same time, he himself dwells longer upon the life than upon the pictures—not, however, with any intention of undue white-washing. His estimate of the man is judicious; and his points about the affection between Morland and his wife and about the advantages he derived in his art from his low associates are good. Certainly, there are in the unfortunate artist's pictures a simplicity, a healthfulness, and a purity which justify Mr. Henley's remark that "in all the range of British art there are few things better than a good Morland." And few things better, it is to be noted, in the eyes of the vulgar as well as in the eyes of the connoisseur. Almost always one finds a delighted group before "The Farmer's Stable" in the National Gallery. Mr. Richardson, who has not many critical remarks of his own to make about Morland's art, quotes Dawe upon the artist's naturalness in his interiors, but want of knowledge of the effect of contrast, either in colouring or chiaro-oscuro. In the presence of the "Farmer's Stable" one doubts the justness of this criticism. It is easy to see, by the reproduction of that work in this volume, how much of its merit is derived from those qualities in which Dawe considered Morland deficient.

The collector will find a great deal of valuable information in the appendices to Mr. Richardson's 'Life.'

D. S. MELDRUM.

CELIBATES.*

The capricious reception of books to-day is enough to drive anyone to cynicism. Every now and again an outcry is made against one on the grounds of morality. Experience has taught us that the outcry is often a blunder. But whether that be so or not, every now and again a book does appear that is really harmful, and it is swallowed, and praised, and circulated almost without a murmur. It would seem that, provided a certain reticence in language be used, you may revolt every sensibility with impunity. The outcry against 'Esther Waters' was certainly not a general one; but it made itself heard, at least; while 'Celibates,' so far as one can yet judge, will have an easy time of it. We are not complaining of its morality—in the sense in which "morality" is generally used. It is reticent in language, and its tendency is to make us loathe wickedness. It is an able book, too, brutally strong, ruthlessly accurate in some respects, containing passages of masterly analysis, and, what one does not always look for in Mr. George Moore, some fine and beautiful writing. But 'Esther Waters' and 'The Celibates' are the poles asunder. The one was arid in style and painful enough in detail. It did not pander to sentimentality at all, but it was alive with humanity. Ugliness, and suffering, and sin were there, but the mind looking on at the weary drama saw the pity of it all. Two, at least, of the stories in "The Celibates," "Mildred Lawson," and "John Norton" are merciless; they read as if narrated by an inhuman monster to whom human feelings are as nothing at all. They revolt us by their cold, long-drawn cruelty. On artistic grounds they are attackable, for they far outshoot their mark. A tithe of the corruption and the diseased egoism of Mildred Lawson would have convinced us of what Mr. Moore meant to show, without making us loathe ourselves because we are of the same species. And we are altogether certain that the horrible catastrophe at the close of the second story was entirely unnecessary for the confirmation of John Norton's celibacy. To use such an incident as a merely superfluous, not an essential, cause is unforgiveable. We beg leave to differ from Mr. Moore about Agnes Lahens; circumstances, not temperament, had to do with her flight to the convent. But, compared with what we are complaining of, that is a minor grievance.

It is a queer age we live in. We are sentimental over physical suffering. We protect children and animals from blows, give opiates to the sleepless, invent painkillers and anæsthetics, and put as many hindrances in the way of vivisection as we can. But there are no restrictive laws, and there is evidently little indignation, against a book that tortures every sensitive mind, that wounds, and keeps the wounds open for tedious scrutiny, that brings no opiate at all, and but little promise of future relief. Mr. Moore is in a scientific mood, it may be said. So be it; he is always in practice more of a scientist than an artist. But let him believe that we are not so slow of apprehension; that blow upon blow will not quicken our sight; that the great masters trust our understanding more. They do not sicken us lest haply we should be unmoved; they speak little not lengthily when they give us the deepest comprehension of human suffering and sin.

* 'Celibates.' By George Moore. (W. Scott.)

LEGENDS OF FLORENCE.*

Mr. Leland tells us he once began a book—long life to him, that he may finish it!—called 'The Experiences of Flaxius the Immortal.' Flaxius is a "sage who dwells ever in the world, chiefly to observe the evolution of all things absurd, grotesque, quaint, illogical—in short, of all that is strictly human." It is in the spirit of Flaxius that these legends have been collected. Florence is a store where many have come to gather beauty and romance, religious and artistic inspiration; but Mr. Leland's eyes have been on the neglected, hidden treasures, the "things absurd, grotesque, quaint, illogical." He knows the value of the humble stories which are the hardest of all to find and understand, and with his marvellous instinct for extracting the secret from gypsies, Indians, and all uncanny people, he has discovered at the back of tourist-ridden, sceptical Italy a great store of Paganism, dark beliefs, grotesque fairy and folk-lore. Books have served him to verify traditions, and the halfpenny literature of the stalls has been the original source of some of his tales; but it is from the mouths of the people themselves he has gathered most. His chief agent was Maddalena, a witch and a fortune-teller, a woman with a vast knowledge of mystical cures, invocations, and charms. "She was a native of Romagna Toscana, where there still lurks, in the recesses of the mountains, much antique Etrusco-Roman heathenism, though it is disappearing very rapidly."

Of the real dark witch tales there are more numerous specimens in the writer's fascinating 'Etruscan-Roman Remains,' but a few new ones are given here, and the best of all is "Intialo." Whether Mr. Leland has hit on the exact interpretation of a dark mystery or not, he has given one satisfying to the imagination. Intialo is a spirit in human form who shows himself in a shadow, and inspires terror in brigands and criminals by causing a fearful shadow to haunt them. The wicked man is first of all in terror because he thinks that it is the shade of the wronged man that abides with him ever; but then, if he be really a magician, he discovers that the shade is Intialo—"his own imagination," and for the curse pronounced on him he finds a counter-curse. He is a magician, it is hinted, because he is loved by a beautiful witch, no further removed from him than was Astarte from Manfred—sign that he is above all human conscience, that he defies all human law, and so may reduce the demons to his will. His exorcism of Intialo is a magnificent mockery, a defiant manifesto of the power of the human will.

"Intialo! Intialo!
Tu siei furbo e maligno,
Ma io me ne infischio,
Perche io sono di te,
Molto più maligno."

And if the fiend be unbelieving, he is bidden come at midnight to the Witches' Sabbat, there to find his pretensions mocked at and himself dragged at the tail of him whom he would have tormented. In "Cain and his Worshippers"

* 'Legends of Florence, collected from the People and Retold.' By C. G. Leland. First series. (D. Nutt.)

we have other dark tales, memories of old heathendom revived in the Middle Ages by rebels against the Church, and surviving, in legend at least, and perhaps even in belief, to our own days.

For the rest of the legends, they are all picturesque, romantic in a small degree, humorous and grotesque largely, and though, as stories, some are thin and trivial enough, there is hardly one without value from a folk-lore point of view. Mr. Leland confesses to have written them up to some extent. But a close reading will make it probable that the "writing up" has not amounted to much more than translating the legends into his own jocular style, and making a conjectural ending or beginning. He has not committed the sin of smoothing characteristically rough grotesques into smooth, mild angel-faces. With apologies to the ingenious Flaxius, from whom copious extracts are made, and at the risk of being classed with the dry-as-dusts, I could wish some of his modern reflections, saws, and instances had given way to what Mr. Leland is so well able to supply, a more constant comparison between these stories and those in other parts of the world. But these would make the book a tougher morsel, and maybe the constant presence of Flaxius's genial, cynical, and easily digested philosophy is justified.

To those who read the book as a reminder of Florence, and not merely as a collection of queer stories—it has equally good entertainment for both—not the least interesting legends will be those attaching to famous names. They are such as guides and guide-books will not have told. Former tourists will regret missed opportunities when they hear that if any lover of poetry sits by night in the *fanchina* in the piazza of Santa Croce, and pronounces a certain invocation—which is given—Dante will appear and breathe the creative spirit of poetry into him. He is present, too, in any place of public resort when his poems are sung; and those who possess his works without enjoying them are tormented in their beds. Michael Angelo, also, goes about as a ghost, mocking lovers in shady places, and tormenting lady-artists. Giotto became a great artist by the magic aid of a lamb that he had tended. "And when he died, the spirit of the lamb remained, in the form of a *folletto*, or fairy, in the Campanile, and it is still often seen there, always with the spirit of Giotto." He will hear Ammanati's Neptune—popularly known as Biancone—walking about the Signoria when the full moon shines, speaking with the other statues; and read many legends, too, of the Medici unwritten in the authentic biographies. The bridges, the churches, the streets, have each their stories—not often poetical in a pretty sense, sometimes in no sense at all, but eminently human—"absurd, grotesque, quaint, illogical." "The folk-lore of the future," says Mr. Leland, "has a far higher mission than has as yet been dreamed for it; it is destined to revive for us the inner sentiment or habitual and peculiar life of man as he was in the olden time more perfectly than it has been achieved by fiction." This is certainly one end of folk-lore, at all events, and Mr. Leland is doing his part nobly. It only remains to say, in sincerity, that Mr. Leland's jokes and irrelevancies occasionally irritate a reader in the highest degree. But his book and its general spirit are fascinating. His stories have the healthy smell of the earth about them, and take us into another world far more effectually than do the most sensational tales of modern pseudo-occultism.

A. M.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.*

The widow of Lord John tells how her husband was wont to quote with strong disapproval the lines in "The Traveller,"

> "How small, of all that human hearts endure,
> That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!"

From his earliest to his latest years his belief never wavered in the honourableness of a political career, in the high mission of the statesman, in the tremendous responsibility put on those who meddle with the government of a country, and in their magnificent power for good. The belief braced him intellectually and morally, and made the most of him. He was a man of various gifts, but he was a born politician. Despair of measures or men, the cynicism that comes to tired and disappointed workers, were hardly possible to him, though he was never robust, and disappointment visited him often enough. His steadfastness along the path he had chosen was remarkable, and gave weight to the retort which Mr. Gladstone said was the finest he had ever heard in the House of Commons. Sir Francis Burdett had "abandoned his Radicalism in old age, and was foolish enough to sneer at the 'cant of patriotism.' 'I quite agree,' said Lord John, 'with the honourable baronet that the cant of patriotism is a bad thing. But I can tell him a worse—the *recant* of patriotism—which I will gladly go along with him in reprobating whenever he shows me an example of it.'" On the moral side, this picture of Earl Russell which Mr. Stuart Reid has drawn, with much study and zeal, must be acknowledged true by everyone who examines it. The name of politician has no reproach when he and men like him adopt it. His mind was so made that perhaps it did not cost him much to be just to his enemies; but his pride urged him to more than justice. "In conversation with a friend, he said, 'Do you remember a cartoon in *Punch* where I was represented as a little boy writing "No Popery" on a wall and running away?' The answer was a smile of assent. 'Well,' he added, 'that was very severe, and did my Government a great deal of harm; but I was so convinced that it was not maliciously meant that I sent for John Leech, and asked him what I could do for him. He said that he would like a nomination for his son to the Charterhouse, and I gave it to him. That is how I used my patronage.'" *Noblesse oblige*; but it was the *noblesse*, not of his rank, he had ever in his mind, but of a great statesman who must play fair and generously.

A detailed criticism of the book would lead us further into the realm of politics than it would be seemly to venture in THE BOOKMAN. We can but speak of it generally. Mr. Stuart Reid treats Lord Russell not as a hero invariably; but his part is, of course, to place the most heroic and favourable interpretation on all his acts and measures. And, as we have said, on the moral side every reader must uphold him. Whether Earl Russell was so great a leader as we are told here may be doubted. Every now and again we are surprised by a haltingness in his vision, by his preference for a bit when the whole would have cost no more; but that was perhaps the secret of his effectiveness as a statesman of the second order, of his strenuousness of purpose, and his whole-heartedness in the particular measure that was filling his mind. We may think that occasionally his plans were "mere sparks of liberality and splinters of reform," as his friend Sidney Smith said the Melbourne Government would be dissolved into without Lord John; but if so, we are looking at a wrong angle, without a sense of his difficulties or an appreciation of the peculiarities of his colleagues. On one important matter Mr. Reid has given clear and most valuable information, to be found collected nowhere else—Lord John's relations to the Catholics and the questions relating to them. On another he has gone, at least, further than anyone else, though a satisfactory conclusion has not been and perhaps cannot be arrived at—his final views on Irish government. As early as 1826 his brother Lord William urged the claims of Ireland on him. He listened; his friendship with Tom Moore, and his travels in the country, maintained the interest, which never cooled. The contradictory opinions which he expressed at different times on the difficult and distracting subject have not been so much reconciled by Mr. Reid as they reasonably might have been. There are aspects of Lord John which do not appear here, and which a delicate humourist might have suggested without offence, and, indeed, to the increase of vividness in the portrait of a loveable personality. But in the main Mr. Reid has omitted nothing. He has written a serious biography, not a eulogium, and told the story of his subject's life with remarkable vivacity and truthfulness. The precocious boy politician, the adventurous youth in Spain during the Peninsular War, the eager seeker of experience interviewing Napoleon, the friend of men of letters, the honest politician, and the amiably domesticated father of a family at Pembroke Lodge—all pass before us, and give us just the help we need to realise the personality that played so prominent a part in the England of our fathers' days.

* 'Lord John Russell.' By Stuart J. Reid. The Queen's Prime Ministers. 3s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.*

'Uncompleted' this sonnet-sequence is called; but it would have always been incomplete. The love of parent and child can hardly be mapped out into sections, rounded and neatly ended off. There would be always something else to say. But in what Mrs. Webster has left she touches most notes in the gamut. The sonnets may not have the perfect finish she would have given them, had she lived, but they make together an intelligible and beautiful whole, not a mere broken fragment. A real mother and a real daughter are the themes, and the poetry is born of the reality of their emotions, a reality tinged with anxious tenderness, since the mother is the speaker—

"I watch the sweet, grave face in timorous thought,
Lest I should see it drawn to some unrest,
And read that in her heart is youth's ill guest,
The querulous young sadness, born of nought,
That wearies of the strife it has not fought,
And finds the life it has not had unblest,
And asks it knows not what that should be best,
And till Love comes has never what it sought,
But she is still."

Joy and melancholy mingle in these sonnets, as they do in all relations between youth and maturity.

"She will not have it that my day wanes low,
Poor of the fire its drooping sun denies,
That on my brow the thin lines write good-byes.
* * * * *
She will not have it. Lover-like to me,
She with her happy gaze finds all that's best;
She sees this fair, and that unfretted still,
And her own sunshine over all the rest;
So she half keeps me as she'd have me be,
And I forget to age, through her sweet will."

The tender, genuine, and discreet confessions in this sonnet-sequence will be prized by other parents and other children, to whom it will speak their own hearts.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.†

Miss Blind has written such very good verse many a time that we are fain to find some satisfactory reason for the inferior quality of three-fourths of her latest volume. We think the reason lies lurking in the title. Miss Blind has been recently, it would appear, in Egypt, in Italy, and in Warwickshire, and instead of jotting down her impressions in a prosaic journal, she has turned them into verse. It is a plan that has failed a thousand times, yet it tempts still, and will continue to tempt, even the experienced. Poetry is a terribly stay-at-home sprite; it joins kindly now and again in a vagrant poet's reminiscent moods—see 'Childe Harold' and 'The Traveller'; but it nearly always rebels against its inspiration being confounded with the mere tourist's heart-leap of wonder at things new and strange. When a long sojourn among alien lands has nourished intimacy, the poet will find it more docile. The same thing occurs with painters. When first they try their hand on unfamiliar scenes, sometimes all their skill does not keep them from painting what is crude, or even untrue. They have to live themselves into a knowledge of the spirit of the new country. Poetry, too, strongly objects to be used as a commemorator. It would appear to shun the most pious pilgrimages to holy spots—even Stratford-on-Avon—as it shuns Royal birthdays and coronations. The evidence of this in 'Birds of Passage' only supplements the evidence of other books of verse that chronicle the comings and goings of cultivated travellers among famous and beautiful scenes.

But though the right spirit is not in these poems on 'The Sphinx,' 'The Colossi of the Plains,' and 'The Sâkiyeh,' Miss Blind might have taken a little more trouble with the mere rhymes, the words, and the melody. She has never been so careless before.

"The Waste and her oases
Blossom a rose of roses,"

is but one example of many irritating faults. Readers will be more willing to accept the cynicism than the bad rhyme in—

"The World's great egg—refute who can,
That meditates on life and Man—
While deafening cacklings spread the news—
Was laid by an Almighty Goose."

Indeed, the difficulty of rhymes has driven her desperate at times, as when a convenient and not very alterable "tell" makes her turn "dark-skinned boy" into "Boy of the ebon fell." That a poem when read aloud should give pleasure to the ear is, of course, a very incomplete test of poetry. But it is one test of one delightful quality; and hardly two consecutive verses here can stand it.

"And across the Bay of Biscay in undaunted wing they flee,
Where mild seas move musically murmuring of the Odyssey,"

does not please the ear any more than it pleases the poetic sense; but the lines do not stand out conspicuous in their want of harmony. And why is one piece labelled "Nuit"? Night is a very good word. It is given an honoured place, with a capital letter, in the body of the poem. Then why not in the title?

There remains for our carping pen to note what has contented us in the book. 'The Moon of Râmadan' contains some pleasing verse. 'Noonday Rest,' the picture of a ragged woman and her child, rescued from their misery by sleep on a hot London day, arouses both sympathy and admiration; and one sonnet, on a very ambitious subject, no less than Shakespeare, has so good a thought in it that we are not inclined to quarrel with its form.

"Yearning to know herself for all she was,
. . . . . .
Blind Nature strove; so then it came to pass,
That Time, to work out her unconscious Will,
Once wrought the mind which she had groped for still,
And she beheld herself as in a glass."

There are a few pretty love poems, too, in 'Birds of Passage,' but the proportion of good things to indifferent ones is not large enough.

A LITERARY APOLOGETIC.*

Mr. Kernahan has addressed himself in this little volume to the problem which exercised the minds of the Psalmists and lies as a burden on the most sensitive thinkers of to-day. How can one reconcile this Inferno of suffering, injustice, inequality, with Divine Providence or the Love of God? He creates a daring situation—the arraignment of God by the victims on the other side of the grave—and uses it with strength and reverence. With earnestness also and conviction. His answer is that which commends itself to many as the only light on the darkness. Christ, the Son of the Father, has been baptised into it, and is from age to age a fellow sufferer with the Race. A Lamb slain is in the midst of the Throne. God and man are one in the agony. This is a book to be read.

IAN MACLAREN.

THE THREE SORROWS OF STORY-TELLING.†

The stories known traditionally by this name are "Deirdre," "The Children of Lir," and "The Fate of the Children of Tuireann." Dr. Hyde has put them into verse to make them popularly known as they once were in Gaelic-speaking lands. His is by no means the first attempt. Dr. Joyce included two of them in his "Old Celtic Romances," and his brother wrote a metrical version of "Deirdre." We can find them also in Mr. Jacobs' "Celtic Fairy Tales." There is an obvious advantage in setting them, for popular reading, to metre; and of all the popular versions Dr. Hyde's seems to us, on the whole, the best. Our first feeling on reading them was irritation, but second thoughts modified that. Perhaps he knew what he was about in treating them in the style he has done. A failure in any high poetic attempt, or a miss in the endeavour to express more nearly their native Celtic spirit, would have landed him in obscurities or unfamiliarities which the English reader would have laughed or yawned over. Whether or not he was right in thinking such an attempt on his part would have ended in failure, we are not assured. The translator of "Con-

* 'Mother and Daughter.' An Uncompleted Sonnet-Sequence. By the late Augusta Webster. With an introductory note by William Rossetti. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

† 'Birds of Passage. Songs of the Orient and Occident.' By Mathilde Blind. (Chatto.)

* 'God and the Ant.' By Coulson Kernahan. (Ward and Lock.)

† 'The Three Sorrows of Story-Telling, and Ballads of St. Columkille.' By Douglas Hyde. 1s. net. (Unwin.)

nacht Love-Songs" is a great deal more of a poet than anyone would guess, judging him from the metrical stories before us. But, at least, the simplicity he has aimed at and achieved, the very want of ambition in his rendering—one might almost say, were it not gross ingratitude, the laziness that has left them as they are—have ended in their being models of clearness. The English mind, and what is much to the purpose, the English child's mind, will grasp these stories in their present form with easy understanding, may guess little of their mystic glamour, but cannot fail to recognise in the bare outlines the great beauty and the tragedy. There are passages of fine vigour in Dr. Hyde's version—it is far less lumbering and prosaic than Dr. Joyce's. The coming home of Brian and his brothers, all the tasks of the eric accomplished, but with Death at their hearts as they near the coast of Erin and the hill of high Ben Edar, is told with much dignity. And to the beauty of Deirdre's death-song he has done no wrong.

> "The cluster all is fallen, and I am left,
> The fibres snap that hold me; thus I shake
> And tremble fast upon the withered stem,
> And quit my hold upon it—see, I fall
> Down from this cold and dismal bough of life."

And where the stories go clumsily along, it is but well to remember that Dr. Hyde confidingly tells in his preface that two of them were sent to press in mistake for another manuscript.

With all due allowances, then, let us accept gratefully what we have got, one more lucid, popular version of these legends. But it stirs a longing for what we have not. "Deirdre," "The Children of Lir," and "The Children of Tuireann" are three of the most beautiful stories in the whole world. Interfered with, patched, and mangled as they may have been, they have even now a central wholeness, and a haunting melancholy loveliness that is their very own. "Deirdre" is one of the many legends of princesses shut up in lonely towers on account of a prophecy that they will bring hurt to those they consort with. "The Children of Lir" is of the great family of transformation legends; and the "Children of Tuireann," with their burden of tasks, have as numerous a kin in folk-lore. But they keep their own tragic complexion. For the Celtic fairy-story has this distinction, that, removed as it is far from the region of average human habitation, remote, ethereal, and, other peoples say, too often inhuman, yet no other has so sternly dared to 'face inexorable human fate—sorrow, decay, and death. Beauty, valour, pure happiness, are all with Deirdre, but she and hers are conquered by the strong hand of the wicked. After ages of wandering and suffering, the swan-children of Lir gain back their human shape, but with it the feebleness and the palsy of old age, and at the touch of the holy water they drop dead. All the impossible tasks of the eric are fulfilled by Brian and his brethren; their fulfilment has been bought by death, and they come home great matchless heroes, but doomed. With Death alone they cannot fight. Here are high themes for high imaginations. But as yet they wander lost in unhappy transformation like Lir's children. Where is the spiritual poet who shall make these Three Sorrows fast in the world's great treasure-house?

NOVEL NOTES.

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN HORN. By Frank R. Stockton. 6s. (Cassell.)

Mr. Stockton's new story will take you back to the days when you first read 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'The Swiss Family Robinson,' 'Monte Cristo,' 'Treasure Island,' and, in fact, most of the other notable stories of adventure or of treasure-hunting. Captain Horn was a fine fellow, with a clear head and a quiet tongue, just the sort of man to carry a secret, difficult business through with success; so that when at the end he is, contrary to a good many traditions, allowed to keep a large portion of the gold he has found, we feel it to be all right. And he is so steady-brained that we have little fear of its doing him any harm. About the others we are more doubtful; though really their moral condition does not concern us. If we had met them under other conditions, they would probably have seemed more amiable, but looking for and finding treasure and waiting for the realization of their fortunes they have not a chance of seeming other than particularly sordid. As an adventure story it is capital, all the way from the wreck of the *Castor* off the coast of Peru to the wedding of Horn and Edna at the American Embassy in Paris. The captain and his companions camping out and waiting for a sail, expecting every hour the coming of the Rackbirds, a band of terrible murderous desperadoes, find the hidden gold of the Incas. They are resourceful, but fortune, too, helps while it tortures them, and there is a very business-like determination on the part of all the party—the ladies not excepted—to get what they can out of the adventure. Land and sea, Peru, Valparaiso, San Francisco, Paris, and far Scotland, contribute scenes to this very varied story. Perhaps the mistaken identity of the innocent French professor with the Spanish desperado Raminez, explained by the fact that they were in reality cousins, is a superfluous addition to variety; but when you begin on a wonder story, who is to say where you should stop?

IN THE DAY OF BATTLE. By John A. Stewart. (S. Low.)

Mr. Stockton dares greater extravagance of incident than does Mr. Stewart, but he adopts so cool and ordinary a manner that you read on without a protest. 'In the Day of Battle'—a good story that boys should keep their eyes on—is rather spoilt for readers with any fastidiousness by the noisy fashion of its narration, and by the obvious exaggeration in the drawing of many of the characters. After the first chapter, which relates in an improbable fashion the altogether improbable quarrel of two young kinsmen at the University of Edinburgh, we had nearly put the book aside. Thinking better of it, we took it up again, and were rewarded with some excellent adventures among corsairs and desperate Arabs. But even in the midst of these we longed once or twice that Mr. Stewart would lower his voice from shouting-pitch. Sometimes we guess, however, he is laughing at his autobiographic Scottish hero, who goes on his travels in search of fortune and a lost fellow-countryman with the bagpipes as the chief article in his personal luggage, and plays them on dangerous occasions. We hope Mr. Stewart's intentions are not humorous, only patriotic.

ELIZABETH'S PRETENDERS. By Hamilton Aïdé. (Chapman and Hall.)

Here is a story to be confidently recommended to the novel reader with a grain of sense. There is good stuff in it, much observation of present-day character, and lively incidents. Mr. Aïdé had no very easy task in making us like Elizabeth. In real life, after a little intimacy, we feel we should have got on famously, even if she had snubbed us every day; but in a book it is difficult to feel more than respect for so gritty a heroine. Yet long before the end our respect is mellowed into something like affection. She was a great heiress, this Elizabeth, and the attention paid to her for her fortune made her cynical at an age when most girls believe in the disinterestedness of all who are not in jail for picking or forging. Her eyes had been opened from a romantic dream in a cruel way; surely a less cruel one had sufficed. Thenceforward she determines the world shall know as little as possible of her wealth, and, as she has artistic ambition, she escapes to Paris to study. The other guests in her *pension* are admirably sketched. Indeed, we may say every character in the book is a reality, though, after the gritty, energetic, and honest Elizabeth, none is quite so good as one of the fortune-hunters, Lord Robert Elton. Lord Robert is the serious-minded son of a duke, who is bound to marry money—an ugly young man of brains, ambition, and awkward manners, interested certainly, but honest as the day, and very amusing to the reader. For all his snappy ways, we feel as much goodwill to him as to the young disinterested American artist, who kills the heroine's cynicism at last. Baring is a little too like Elizabeth in character for the union to promise that perfection of happiness we desire for such worthy persons. But that is a very interfering criticism. Wholesome, humorous, and sensible is the story in every chapter. It is a novel of character of uncommon power and interest, and the faults to be found with it are very little ones. But Mr. Aïdé should give up the habit of using italics after the fashion of an old-fashioned lady's letter. We like to thrill of ourselves, without being nudged to it.

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE. By Thomas Hardy. With an etching by H. Macbeth-Raeburn and a Map of Wessex. Wessex Novels, vol. III. 6s. (Osgood and McIlvaine.)

A special interest attaches to this new edition, inasmuch as it contains nearly a whole chapter omitted from the story in its familiar form. If we do not know the novel by heart and turn to the addition, which will be found in chapter xliv., our first feeling will very likely be one of gratitude for the reinstatement of the passage, a strong piece of writing, very human, very pathetic, and taken by itself, not more heartrending than the situation demands. Henchard, after taking up his early occupation of hay-trusser, was employed at a "pastoral farm near the old western highway. . . . . He had chosen the neighbourhood of this artery from a sense that, situated here, though at a distance of fifty miles, he was virtually nearer to her whose welfare was so dear than he would be at a roadless spot only half as remote." Hearing the date of Elizabeth Jane's wedding he is impelled to go and see her, and on foot or in carrier's van, bearing his gift of a caged goldfinch, bought out of his little earnings, the once proud, masterful Mayor humbly seeks her presence. But she has discovered that fraud of his by which he had hoped to rob her of her real father, and when she is called out of her happiness to meet him she reproaches him. "Henchard's lips half parted to begin an explanation. But he shut them up like a vice and uttered not a sound. He valued himself too little now to plead that he had been himself deceived, and that afterwards he had lied because he had loved her affection better than his own honour." But read with the context we feel Mr. Hardy's instinct in omitting it was a merciful and artistic one. To pass from it to the last days of Henchard's life in Whittle's hut lacerates one's heart needlessly, without adding to one's sense of the tragedy which is so finely and restrainedly consummated in the last chapter.

From his preface we gather that Mr. Hardy has been a good deal worried by Scottish critics concerning Donald Farfrae and his language—ungratefully, for Farfrae is a fascinating person. Mr. Hardy, while unconvinced out of the mouth of Scotchmen of the impossibility of the dialect, pleads that Farfrae may be allowed to pass, at least, as a Southerner's Scotchman; and revenges himself just a little on his critics by a revision of the text in which he shows Donald "giving strong expression to a song of his dear native country that he loved so well as never to have revisited it."

Mr. Macbeth-Raeburn's illustration to his volume is a charming etching of Casterbridge High Street.

SELECT CONVERSATIONS WITH AN UNCLE. By W. G. Wells. (John Lane.)

The Uncle is an entertaining familiar—or was before his garrulity fell from him at the altar—and we cannot be too thankful to Mr. Wells for introducing us to him. His judgments were pitched a little high at times, and puzzled the Bagshots of his acquaintance. Forgetting his own warning about the folly of bringing ideals into daily life, he went about applying his ideal common-sense to things, and "going on" because they did not stand the test. But it was only his habit of discoursing ("one must talk, you know"), the irresponsible excursiveness of a man who has learned wisdom, yet will not forget his follies. For these we love him; and when he goes from us into the New Life, fumbling the ring, we feel towards him, as did the nephew who has reported him so excellently, much as though he were a younger brother.

WOMEN'S TRAGEDIES. By H. D. Lowry. (John Lane.)

Here we have a round dozen exhibitions of the tragedies of women's lives, or (it may be, as a matter of course) of the weaknesses of men's. These are set forth in an undeniably clever manner. Our fault with them is that their cleverness shows itself as a rule in the analysis, not of a woman's life with its tragedy, but of the conditions of a woman's tragic life as selected by Mr. Lowry. The two things are very different. In the one, the tragic elements and the homely relieve each other, and together make a natural appeal to our sympathy. In the other, the elements of tragedy claim our attention as the artist's playthings, and harden the heart at the moment of stimulating the mind and imagination. This is the more noticeable in Mr. Lowry's case because his choice is for the strained, not infrequently for the grotesque and fantastic. Hannah Tregoning's tragedy (in "The Torque") is that the boy-babe, born after ten years of childless wedlock, is made away with by a woman who thought herself wronged by Hannah's husband; but that natural enough motive is encased, as it were, by the fantastic one of the ill-luck of the torque. Joanna's, in 'The Great Ko-Ko,' is Jess's tragedy in 'Thrums'; only observe, the prodigal returns as the great clown Ko-Ko, on stilts, to show a hideous grinning face at the high window of his mother's house at the very instant of his mother's death. And too often when there is not some such strained condition in the tragedy, but a husband's unfaithfulness, or a wife's sacrifice to drink, or a sister's rivalry, supplies it, the theme is violently handled. Sometimes, indeed, Mr. Lowry sounds a wise and inspiring truth. The whole of Marina's conduct towards her drunken sweetheart, Mark, and Mark's own when in the grip of drink, strike us as excellent. Again, there is extreme subtilty in the story 'Beauty's Lover': "While he cried out on her as a creature of Divine attributes, Rosetta, conscious of mortal infirmity, yearned for some expression of a love for that part of her which suffered and was glad." This illustrates, also, Mr. Lowry's skill in wording a complex feeling. These good qualities, however, cannot disarm our criticism of a volume which, unfortunately for itself, by its scheme and title claims to touch the gamut of woman's tragedy. It has no heart. We do not ask for a deliberate sitting-down to assault our emotions. Yet there are some things less artistic; and one of them is to display tragedy after tragedy, and in the doing of it keep deadening our sensibilities.

IN MARKET OVERT. By James Payn. (Horace Cox.)

A pleasant, quiet, wholesome story, running no risks of dulness for all its freedom from excitement, because it is told in so friendly, kindly a way, and with such confidence in the reader's interest in ordinary folks and events. The Rev. John Barton, a young men's "coach"; his amiable wife and daughters; a few quite unremarkable pupils, and a beautiful schoolmistress, make up nearly the whole of the characters. How Barton loses his connection, because he has forced a pupil to take an honourable but imprudent way out of a scrape; how he is nearly dying of pecuniary anxiety after a hard-working, honest life, and how he gets his deserts at last in the shape of the living of Market Overt sums up the materials of the story. It is wholesome, plain fare, and far from unpalatable to healthy appetites.

MAUREEN'S FAIRING, and other Stories. By Jane Barlow. Iris Series. (Dent.)

The stories here are of earlier date than the "Irish Idylls," so let no reader moan round them as the degenerate signs of over-production. Some three or four of them might have been born in a humbler place than Miss Barlow's brain; they are a trifle tame. But the weakest escape from the commonplace by her gently humorous touch and the refinement of their spirit. And if "An Escape," "Mac's Luncheon," and "The Murphys' Supper" be only at most nice stories, they have two companions which are masterpieces. "Stopped by Signal" is worthy of a place of honour amidst the best of her work. The discontent of a poor family, after they have sent an aged and superfluous member away to another home, their several determination to get him back before he reaches his destination, their desperate stratagem by which they stop the train with a tale of Thady McClusky's black bull "pitchforkin' away at the sleepers and metal with his skivers of ould horns that's the len'th of the divil's backbone," and their hauling of the bewildered old man out of the window and back to the loved home where he has spent his poverty-stricken life, make one of those moving combats of smiles and tears in which Miss Barlow reveals the very heart of Ireland. And hardly less delightful is the scene in "Maureen's Fairing" where Rody invents for his blind sister tales of the fairy cattle-fair out of the swarming, scuttling rabbits on the old Rath. The best in this little volume raises still higher our gratefulness for the beauty of Miss Barlow's imagination.

UNDER THE CHILTERNS. By Rosemary. Pseudonym Library. (Unwin.)

Here is an unusually careful and faithful picture of English village life. It is a picture with figures in it rather than a

story. A story runs through the pages, indeed, but it leaves us with the impression that the writer told it by way of illustrating her observations, rather than because the story itself had struck on her imagination and had forced her to relate it. Life on the borders of want, governed by respectable traditions, full of hardships, trying to the temper, and giving opportunities for constant sacrifice, is admirably presented by the Nutt family. Several rustic types—the grasping, intriguing farmer; the easy-going tippling farmer; his weak-willed son, whose descent from amiable gentle languor to peevish idleness and dissipation, is drawn with sober, unerring truth; and the jovial, injucidious squire—are set forth with uncommon skill, and a conscientiousness which is never wearisome. It is mostly a sad tale of poverty, hardship and disappointment; it saddens us as so much of the reality of country life saddens us: there is no morbid note, nothing sensational; it is a melancholy story of common things written by one who has looked on at realities with more than casual glances. "Rosemary's" future work will be looked forward to with interest.

ZORAIDA. A Romance of the Harem and the Great Sahara. By William Le Queux. Illustrated. (Tower Publishing Co.)

Every reader with an ounce of romance in him will bitterly resent the last chapter in this thrilling story. Zoraida is the most ravishingly beautiful and marvellous woman; her capacity of poetical expression is extraordinary, and her occult powers of the rarest. To love her is most interestingly dangerous; thus does she address the daring Cecil Holcombe—"Yonder knife and potion will bind thy soul unto mine; thou wilt become one of the companions of the Left Hand, whose habitation is the shadowless Land of Torment, where the burning wind scorches, and water scalds like boiling pitch." "Is there, then, no hope for those who love thee?" he asks. "None," she replied, sighing. "Neither rest, mercy, nor the Garden of Delights can fall to the lot of him who loveth me." And yet after all this, and a great many other warnings, Cecil and the darkly romantic Zoraida were actually married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and lived in a Kensington flat; Zoraida wore a tailor-made gown, and had crowded "at-homes." This is the greatest outrage on the romantic feelings that we ever remember to have had practised upon us in the reading of fiction. But, omitting the last chapter, and putting one's self into a fittingly youthful mood, and determined to call the pseudo-poetical language sublime, let us acknowledge the attractions of Mr. Le Queux's story. It is packed full of incident, fighting, loving, plotting, dark crime, treasure-finding, and around all is the mysterious air of the desert. There are right readers and wrong readers for 'Zoraida.' Under appropriate conditions, it should be pronounced an entrancing story.

A JAPANESE MARRIAGE. By Douglas Sladen. (A. and C. Black.)

Mr. Sladen has written a novel upon the question of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and in the course of it has done one or two things very well. For example, he has drawn a lively picture of English and American society, or of a certain section of it, in Japan. It is not a very pretty picture. Those who figure in it appear to look upon life as entirely a matter of beer and skittles, or of their equivalents among the "smart" people of Yokohama; and "smartness," as Mr. Wells' Uncle says, "is the foam of the ocean of vulgarity, cast up by the waves of that ocean, and caught by the light of the sun." Still, the men among them at any rate have the saving grace of an honest, if rather slap-bang, chivalry, for which we can forgive them their slang and their whiskey-and-sodas. Again, Mr. Sladen, without being aggressively informing, tells us a good deal about Japan and the Japanese. He turns his background to humorous account. When Philip won Mary's hand,—at the moment, owing to the accident which had discovered their hearts, her fingers were "masses of bleeding pulp"; but we pass that over,—the lovers were together in a Japanese room. "In Japanese rooms there is no furniture. It was so hard to be decorously affectionate on the floor that they sneaked out and sat at the top of the ladder-like stair." Mr. Sladen's chief feat, however, is in making his heroine, Bryn Avon, grow in our regard in spite of starting very low down in it and doing little to carry her up higher. Bryn on the tennis lawn, or Bryn discussing everything she shouldn't with Mr. Spong, or, indeed, Bryn anywhere in company with her sister Mary, is an exceedingly disagreeable young lady. And to the very end of our acquaintance with her, she scarce ever fails to do the wrong thing. To take a case: Even if her cousin Bell had not been so really good to her, she ought not to have breathed a hint to Romney of the conduct of Bell's husband; her Romney-ings were always high-falutin' and in bad taste. Nevertheless, in spite of all this, in spite of her extraordinary beauty, of which she and Mr. Sladen are so irritatingly conscious, we like Bryn, and like her more and more, and have sufficient sympathy for her to be glad to take our leave of her happy with Philip. What Mr. Sladen fails to do is to heighten our sense of the wrong done by the existing law to the deceased wife's sister. His case is too much compound of carefully selected outrages. The picture of the English vicar, and of his household in which Bryn finds a home for a time, is simply grotesque. Besides, in marrying Mary Avon, Philip made a mistake. It was Bryn whom he ought to have married, not Mary; and Bryn knew it. Bryn, by the way, had a wonderful way of knowing things. When Mr. Mathdene's fingers met hers, in helping her over a gate, his hand was tingling in a way which put her on her guard! So that Bryn deliberately stepped into the furnace when she became Philip's housekeeper. The result is—very unreasonable, no doubt—that we find a perverse joy in the knowledge of arbitrary trials to chasten the Bryns of this world (who improve under them wonderfully), and to put difficulties in the way of the cock-a-hoop theories of novelists about the increase of human happiness and the highest end of existence.

BILLY BELLEW. By W. E. Norris, 2 vols. (Chatto and Windus.)

Very few novelists write this kind of story so well as Mr. Norris, a story where good people and bad people and many indifferent people appear and play their parts in a decent, well-bred, and often touching manner, in which the plot is rather insignificant, the characters mostly unheroic, but where all is human. Billy Bellew had the temper of a saint, the unselfish devotion of a martyr, but he was, nevertheless, an idle, brainless young man, whose interests were mostly centred in horses. And not a hero, seeing that, from sheer mercifulness, he could not shake himself free from an innocent but imprudent entanglement with a woman he did not love, to whom he was nothing more than a superior lackey. The woman he did love was made of sterner stuff, and could not quite forgive the weakness, though her eyes were open to the gentleness of his nature. Billy had made rather greater efforts than she knew, but as she did not know, and married someone else, Mr. Norris found a merciful way for Billy out of his troubles. It need not be said in speaking of Mr. Norris' work that the characters are finely sketched, and make an everyday group of real living interest to us, provided we are in an everyday mood. The incidents—those we have referred to and others—are described with a mild pathos which readily wins our sympathies.

THE MINOR CHORD: a Story of a Prima Donna. By J. Mitchell Chapple. (Chatto and Windus.)

We have rarely met with so simple-minded a book as this. There is a certain crudity about it which might be accounted for by its being an unskilful transcript from real life. With no literary or dramatic merit at all, the book is nevertheless interesting. The reflections it expresses—in substance its least valuable part—echo with marvellous exactness the thoughts, or rather the sentiments, of a large number of emotional, half-cultivated minds. In spite of its name, it is not of special interest to musical readers. The prima donna's education is lightly sketched, and her successes told unblushingly in the first person, but her family concerns and her love affairs are far more important to her, and her art does not serve her as a consolation at all. There is a good deal of quiet interest in the tale of her humble early years in a little out-of-the-way American town, but absurdities creep in as soon as she marries the husband who soon loses his reason and raves of balloons. From that period, through her wonderfully short training in Europe, her first successes, her second love story, to the unsatisfactory close of the book, the note of absurdity grows

louder and louder. There is a certain attraction in the prima donna's simple, commonplace garrulity. Evidently made for domestic life, she unhappily cherished the delusion that a minor chord which she used to hear on all kinds of occasions, foretold for her a melancholy destiny. If we understand the story aright, she most unwarrantably wrecked her chance of happiness on this delusion of the nerves. 'The Minor Chord' is a queer book, not at all clever, and not, from a human point of view, quite worthless.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE TENTH MUSE and other poems. By Sir Edwin Arnold. 5s. (Longman.)

The Tenth Muse is Ephemera, otherwise the Press, and a place is confidently claimed for her with the Immortal Nine in words like these.

"High Muses! be not slow
Her rights to know
Who comes to sit on the Pierian Hill,
Turning your Nine to Ten;
For—born, albeit, of men—
She, by her high emprise, is Goddess still.
. . . . . .
Not less than ye of Heav'n—divine no less."

She is quite as good, Sir Edwin thinks, as Clio, Melpomene, or any of the others; indeed, being equal to all, she must apparently be better than each. The poem was written for a "press anniversary." Exactly; it is in the strain of such compositions. But was it worth printing save as a rather successful joke? It gives food for strange thought that a poet should dub the spirit of his allegiance Ephemera, and then try to shove the thing up among the Immortals. The other verses in the book are mainly translations from the Japanese and Persian, and are of various qualities; dull, interesting, poetical, but most of them harmoniously rendered. By far the most remarkable is "The Story of the Snake," from the Mahâbhârata, which treats of the origin of evil. A snake has killed a child, but the final judgment is that it should not suffer for the deed, nor should Death be blamed, nor the Great Kâla, God of Gods. "They and I," says Kala,

"Yea! even I, are all but go-betweens.
. . . . . .
The Karma of this child did kill this child,
No other cause was there that brought its end;
Of Karma he did die. That which he wrought
In many lives ere this led hereunto
Implicitly . . . . . .
For will makes deeds,
And deeds make Karma, and the Karma makes
The outcoming."

DUOLOGUES AND SCENES FROM THE NOVELS OF JANE AUSTEN. Arranged and adapted for drawing-room performance. By Rosina Filippi (Mrs. Dowson). With illustrations by Miss Fletcher. 2s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

Many caterers for entertainment will surely have a feeling of good-natured envy on looking at this book. It carries out so excellent and so simple an idea, which might so easily have occurred to them. But it occurred to Mrs. Dowson instead, and she has had the skill not to spoil it. Let us hope she will give us some more. There are other scenes from 'Emma' and 'Pride and Prejudice' that could be successfully adapted for acting before such audiences as could savour the fine delicacy and restraint of the humour. Minute directions, it should be said, are given respecting the costumes of the period, and the illustrations, if rather ill-drawn, will also be useful in this respect. Then, for the sake of the uninitiate in Miss Austen, selected extracts throw light on the characters of the personages, so that idle amateurs who will not take much trouble, may coach themselves into the spirit of whoever they represent in the easiest possible way.

AMONG THE GODS. By Augusta Klein. 15s. Illustrated. (Blackwood.)

The many existing records of Indian travel have not made this one superfluous. There is something distinctly individual about its tone and plan. Its title would point to temples being the only object of interest to the travellers, but this is hardly correct; for though gods and temples from an architectural, picturesque, and legendary point of view are the main themes, there are intelligent observations made on such things as scenery and native customs, too. An ingenious feature is the introduction of a party of travellers; their different interests and ways of looking at objects by the way providing the varied points of view sometimes wanting in one-man books of travel.

MARIANA. By José Echegaray. Translated by James Graham, Cameo Series. 3s, 6d. net. (Unwin.)

It was hard on Señor Echegaray to be introduced to English readers by 'A Son of Don Juan,' a mere adaptation of Ibsen's 'Ghosts,' and his translator has done well to give us with so little delay a much more creditable specimen of the Spanish dramatist's work. 'Mariana' contains strong passages. Well interpreted, it would be certainly an effective stage play. Its story holds the imagination and the sympathies, and the *dramatis personæ* are living human beings with distinct individualities. Mariana, the central figure, is unusually interesting. Under a capricious, teasing, unstable mien, she hides a capacity for deep and lasting affection; but she denies the capacity even to herself, thinking she is altogether disillusioned and sceptical. Her childhood and youth have been sordidly unhappy. At last love for the passionate Daniel triumphs over her outside coldness, but only before she discovers that his father, now an invalid living in great retirement, is the man who, under an assumed name, had caused the tragedy of her mother's life and of her own childhood. Her nature revolts from an alliance with the son. But, loving him still, she takes refuge against her passion in a marriage with another suitor, an elderly soldier, a man of determined will, jealous and pertinacious in his affection, whose nature is to crush whatever opposes him. When her old lover visits her after her marriage, she finds the situation intolerable. She discovers his presence to her husband, and incites him to do the worst. He accepts the invitation. Mariana falls by his hand, and the two men are left preparing for a combat of life and death. But the effort will only be on one side. For, as Daniel says, "There was only one life that was worth combating for; and that lies there. What matters for such lives as ours?" The situation is strong. It is not melodrama, but genuine human suffering we feel in the last scene, and the treatment of the story is dignified throughout. Don Castulo, an archæological bore, who victimises all who come near his museum, supplies the relieving comedy now and again, though some readers, like his immediate victims, will be a little apt to yawn over him and his treasures. Yet he is shrewd with all his pedantry, as when he says, "Put in a bottle a fool of our own days: preserve him for six thousand years, and see if, when he is unbottled at the proper time in the coming ages, the wisest man of the seventy-ninth century can compare with him." Of the literary value of Echegaray's play it is impossible to judge from the present translation, which is rigid, awkward, and timid.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION AND MODERN PROTESTANTISM. By the late G. T. Bettany. Illustrated. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Bettany's book fulfils its purpose excellently. It is meant for popular libraries, whether of home, or school, or club. It pretends to no research, and is perhaps a little over careful not to upset some long-cherished, and not too-well-founded, prejudices. A popular history just a little daring in this respect, would be a means of enlightenment as well as information. But though this one reflects merely the popular view, it is very intelligently compiled: its clear arrangement of chapters, its chapter and paragraph headings, and its index, make it easy of reference. It is very fully illustrated, and the externals are surprisingly good when the low price is considered.

PASSAGES OF THE BIBLE. Chosen for their Literary Beauty and Interest. By J. G. Frazer. (A. and C. Black.)

Considering its object, the selection of passages by Mr. Frazer is nearly as perfect as could be desired. Hardly a verse or song that rings in anyone's memory but will be found here. Perhaps Mr. Frazer underestimated the num-

ber of readers of the Bible "for the sake of the enjoyment which as pure literature it is fitted to afford;" but since his doubt led to his compiling this book it is very forgiveable. That no forced, but only loving labour was put into it is visible in the notes. These contain a few alternative readings from the Revised Version, some elucidatory passages from travellers' books, some folk-lore—Mr. Frazer is the author of 'The Golden Bough'—and a large number of parallel passages. The parallel passages are not there to display erudition at all. They are mostly very familiar, and taken from obvious sources; they are all relevant, and such as we like to have recalled. A word as to the outward form of the book. The binding is cheerfully pretty. But the printing and arrangement of the type deserve higher praise; they are artistic and pleasing in the highest degree.

MORDRED. A Tragedy. By Henry Newbolt. (Unwin.)

Mr. Newbolt has his own interpretation of Arthur, which is not the Tennysonian one. In making the ruin of the king and the knights spring from the consequence of an early sin of the king, he might very easily have offended us, for we are sensitively attached to some ideals which rest on no very substantial tradition, and this is one of them. But Mr. Newbolt is not offensive. He has written a pathetic and impressive drama on this theme—

"Mordred! my son! my very son! the child
Of Youth and Doom, sent to me from the past
With life's young glory in thy wilful eyes,
And in thine hand stark death!"

His treatment of his subject is legitimate, and always dignified. Mr. Newbolt's is one of the few poetic dramas of the day that can be read with any satisfaction.

ALPHABETS. A Handbook of Lettering, with Historical, Critical, and Practical Descriptions. By E. F. Strange. (Bell.)

This is the most popularly interesting of all the volumes in the Ex-Libris series. It appeals not merely to book-lovers, to amateurs of all that make up the external beauties of a book, but even more especially to craftsmen. These latter will find the principles of the subject treated clearly by a practical man with an artist's eye, and what is better, a very large number of models to serve as illustration, suggestion, warning, and imitation. Printers, medal-sculptors, iron-workers, potters, decorative artists of all kinds will find it of use, while for the amateur's eye a perusal of the book must be an excellent education. The chapter on "The Placing of Letters" seems to us of special interest and importance.

THE PORTSMOUTH ROAD and its Tributaries: To-day and in Days of Old. By Charles G. Harper. Illustrated by the Author, and from Old-time Prints and Pictures. (Chapman and Hall.)

The coaches on this old road went from the Borough by Vauxhall, Wandsworth, Putney Heath, Kingston-on-Thames, Guildford, Petersfield, the Forest of Bere, and Porchester. The antiquary, the artist, the humanly curious find now, as they had always the chance of doing, abundant sights to interest them on their way, but they will be all the better for a guide, and Mr. Harper is as good as could be found. His unhappy propensity to say ill-natured and generally irrelevant things about persons and opinions he dislikes is not altogether stifled here, but, even from this point of view, it is a comparatively amiable book, and from every other delightful. He tells stories of all the interesting places the road touches, and the history of the persons whose sojourn near it is worth recording. The highwayman, the press-gang, the coachman, the cyclist, are all commemorated, and in a very lively fashion. Mr. Harper has rummaged far and near for his matter, in old books, pamphlets, and newspapers, but it is all fresh and lightsome as he tells it. As a picture-book alone it is very entertaining, and of great artistic value. We see a welcome announcement that to his many charming guides he is adding one to the Dover Road.

A CENTURY OF FRENCH VERSE. By W. J. Robertson. (Innes.)

The plan of the book is good. The names of André Chénier and Jean Moréas are not the terms of any definite literary or poetical movement; but they serve very well to begin and end a book designed to give samples of the characteristic French verse of the nineteenth century. The collection is catholic; it does not, however, include specimens of every school, for Béranger is omitted—whether on the score of over-familiarity, or because he was that kind of poet not always esteemed by the literary critic, a mere song-writer, it is not easy to say. However, we have Hugo and Lamartine, de Musset, Gautier, Leconte de Lisle, even Mürger, Baudelaire, de Banville, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, Sully Prudhomme, Catulle Mendés, Coppée, De Heredia, Mallarmé, Verlaine, Richepin, and some others of less note. The verse translations from these are preceded in each case by a biographical and critical preface. Testing Mr. Robertson's versions by comparison with the originals of any half-dozen favourites, may not have a happy result. We may say that

"Car nous voulons la nuance encore,
Pas la couleur, rien que la nuance,"

is clumsily rendered by

"Tone we must have and all else scorn;
Only shade, no colour, no splendour."

And we may be equally dissatisfied with a good many others. But it must be owned that hardly ever has he sacrificed the meaning of his author, and he has in a large number of cases chosen some of the most stubbornly difficult of modern French lyrics for his experiments. How many verse-writers have struggled with Gautier's 'L'Art,' we should like to know, and thrown their renderings into the fire. Mr. Robertson publishes his; it is unmusical, and it has the laboriousness, not the perfection, which the poem eulogises. But it is an honest and meritorious translation. Now and again he really does offend, as in Baudelaire's great sonnet to Beauty,

"Throned like a Sphinx unveiled in the blue deep,
A heart of snow my swan-white beauty muffles;
I hate the line that undulates and ruffles;
And never do I laugh and never weep."

Readers who have no keen desire to read good French verse in an English form, however creditable, but who are interested in modern French literary movements, and in the personalities which have inaugurated them, or carried them on, may find a good deal of convenient information in Mr. Robertson's introductions.

ENGLISH MINSTRELSIE. A National Monument of English Song. Collated and Edited, with Notes and Historical Introductions by S. Baring Gould. The airs arranged by A. F. Sheppard, F. W. Bussell, and W. H. Hopkinson. In 8 vols. Vol. 1, 10s. (Edinburgh: Jack.)

This is undoubtedly a work of first-rate importance. It differs in some respects from the previous issues by the same publisher, 'Scots' and 'Cambrian Minstrelsies,' though the form is the same, and the excellent plan of giving biographical, historical, and musical notes to the songs is adhered to. But the learned editor, an enthusiast for English music, means to deal exhaustively, in his introductions, with the History of English Song, with English Opera, English Folk Song, and other kindred topics, and these introductions will be copiously illustrated. This first volume is admirable. Mr. Baring Gould first falls foul of English people for their ignorant scorn of their own music, and then after a well-administered reproof, proceeds to convince us of its justice by tracing the history of song in this country from pre-scientific times, with a wealth of illustrations and anecdotes. He has not learned all his learning on the subject in his study, but largely from the songs still in the mouths of the peasantry. They have taught him not merely words and airs, but the traditional modes as well. To appreciate these, one has to grasp the fact that the songs of the people are still sung in the old scales, and to correct them into modern fashion is to lose their character. The account given of part-singing, of the ballad-operas, and of the foreign influences to which English music was early subjected, are other topics of the editor's interesting preface. This, the first of eight volumes, contains some excellent old songs; among them, "The Bailiff's Daughter," "Come, Lasses and Lads," "Charming Phillis," "Poor Jack," "The Wolf," and "Should he Upbraid." The type is as good as could be desired by either singer or accompanist.

THE STORY OF PRIMITIVE MAN. By Edward Clodd. Illustrated. (Newnes.)

This is a model of concise and clear exposition. The essence of a dozen weighty tomes, most of which would be unintelligible to the popular seeker of information, is contained in this diminutive volume. Truth and dignity are nowhere sacrificed, though Mr. Clodd has made his book unusually readable by eschewing the dry-as-dust, and making a constant appeal to the greater human interests. The place of man in the earth's life-history and time-history, the characteristics of the older and newer stone ages, and of the metal age, and the ties binding the men of to-day to the men of primitive ages, are told in six fascinating chapters, all of which are most intelligently illustrated, by-the-bye. Then Mr. Clodd ends his able little book by pointing to the store-houses of further knowledge on his subject.

THE JONESES AND THE ASTERISKS. By Gerald Campbell. (John Lane.)

This is a series of monologues by different members of the Family Jones and the Family Asterisk, reprinted from the *St. James's Gazette*. There is no doubt that we should think more of them had not one or two people done the same kind of thing at least equally well. Mr. Campbell, however, can be amusing in his own way, which is in a broad rather than fine satire, but always well-mannered. And he writes as if he knew his ground. The Joneses and the Asterisks, seniors, are the most disagreeable snobs possible; and because of them we bless "the revolting daughters." There is something in Harry, too, which gives hope for the next generation of the Joneses.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ABRAHAMS, I., and MONTEFIORE, C. G.—Aspects of Judaism. Sixteen Sermons, 3/6 net.....Macmillan
[*Sixteen thoughtful sermons by two Jewish laymen on the Jewish attitude to life and religion. At almost every point they are in touch with Christian thinkers, by whom these well-written and earnest sermons are sure to be welcomed.*]
BARRY, Right Rev. A.—England's Mission to India, 3/-....S.P.C.K.
BENSON, Rev. R. M.—The Final Passover, a Series of Meditations, Vol. 2, 5/-.....Longmans
BRIGGS, C. A.—The Messiah of the Apostles, 7/6.....T. & T. Clark
BROOKS, Rev. Phillips.—Lectures on Preaching, 5/-.....Allenson
[*The words of one who was so great a master of the art will be of interest to all preachers. The lectures were delivered before the Yale College Divinity School in* 1877.]
BROOKS, Phillips.—The Influence of Jesus.....Allenson
[*The Bohlen lectures, delivered in Philadelphia in* 1879.]
BRUCE, W. S.—The Ethics of the Old Testament, 4/-.....Simpkin
CAMPBELL, D.—The Roll Call of Faith, 3/6..... Douglas
Channing, W. E., Select Discourses and Essays from the Works of, edited by W. C. Bowie, 2/6 net .....Green
CLARE, A.—Foundation Stones. Fifteen Lessons on the Founding of the Church of England, 2/-.....S.P.C.K.
Cromwell's Soldier's Bible, with a Preface by Viscount Wolseley 1/- Stock
[*A reprint in facsimile of that issued for the use of the Commonwealth army in* 1643.]
DAVIES, Rev. J. A.—Seven Words of Love, 3/6 ..... Dickinson
DORMAN, M. R. P.—From Matter to Mind, 7/6.....K. Paul
DRIVER, Rev. S. R.—Critical and Exegetical Commentary on Deuteronomy, 12/-..... .....Simpkin
EVEREST, W. F.—The Gift of the Keys, 4/-.....Rivington
FRAZER, J. G.—Passages of the Bible chosen for their Literary Beauty and Interest, 6/-.....Black
[*See p.* 122.]
FROST, W. E.—Give Me thine Heart, Short Addresses to Young Boys at a Preparatory School, 4/6..... Simpkin
GRIKIE, C.—The Holy Land and the Bible, 8/6.....J. Clarke
HARNACK, Prof. A.—Sources of the Apostolic Canons, translated by L. A. Wheatley, 7/6 net ..... Black
HAUSRATH, Dr. A.—History of the New Testament Times, Vols. 3 and 4, translated by Huxley 10/6 each Williams & Norgate
JONES, Rev. H.—Fifty Years, or Dead Leaves and Living Seeds, 4/- Smith & Elder
Lent, A., in London, Sermons on Social Subjects, Preface by Canon Scott Holland, 3/6.....Longmans
MACARTNEY, Rev. H. B.—Another Glimpse of England, Home, and Beauty, Sketches of Christian Life and Work 2/- Partridge
MACKENZIE, W. D.—The Ethics of Gambling, 1/-.....S.S.U.
[*Reprinted, with additions, from the "Contemporary Review." It discusses the subject in a clear-headed, reasonable fashion.*]
MARSON, C. L.—The Following of Christ, 5/-.....Stock
[*Mr. Marson has collected a large number of extracts, chiefly from modern writers, upon the imitation of Christ, and Canon Scott Holland contributes a preface. The volume is charmingly printed, and is very suitable as a gift-book. With regard to the extracts, many of them are interesting, but if a higher standard of thinking and expression had been maintained the book would have gained enormously.*]
NESBIT, E. P.—Christ, Christians, and Christianity: Book 1, Jesus an Essene, 3/6 ..... Simpkin
PARKER, J.—The People's Bible: Vol. 25, Ephesians to Revelation, 8/- Hodder
PATMORE, C.—The Rod, the Root, and the Flower, 5/- .....Bell
[*See p.* 112.]
ROBERTSON, J.—Our Lord's Teaching, 6d. net.....Black
[*Adapted for Bible-class use.*]
St. Bernard's Cantica Canticorum, Eighty-six Sermons on the Song of Solomon, 12/-.....Stock
[*St. Bernard's curiously interesting sermons on the Song of Songs have been translated and edited by Dr. Eales in a scholarly fashion. The whole forms a strange and fascinating study in mystic thought.*]
STEVENSON, Rev. J. F.—God and a Future Life, Six Lectures, 2/- Dickinson
STRONG, T. B.—Platonism, 3/-.....S.P.C.K.
TIPPLE, S. A.—Sunday Mornings at Norwood, 6/-.....Allenson
[*Mr. Tipple has for many years drawn to his church an unusually cultivated and thoughtful congregation. This reissue of some of his sermons, with a few additions, will therefore be welcomed by all who know his remarkable gifts.*
VEITCH, J.—Dualism and Monism, and other Essays, 4/6 net Blackwood

FICTION.

AIDE, H.—Elizabeth's Pretenders, 6/- .....Chapman
[*See p.* 119.]
Balzac's Novels, edited by G. Saintsbury: Vol. 1, The Wild Ass's Skin, 3/6 net.....Dent
BALZAC'S Contes Drolatiques, done into English by R. Whitting, 3/6 Mathieson
BARLOW, G.—Woman Regained, a Novel of Artistic Life, 6/- Roxburghe Press
BARLOW, J.—Maureen's Fairing, and other Stories, 2/6 net.....Dent
[*See p.* 120.]
BLOUNDELLE-BURTON, J.—A Gentleman Adventurer, a Story of Panama, 1698, 5/- .....Melrose
BRETON, F.—God-Forsaken, a Novel, 6/- .....Hutchinson
BUCHAN, G.—Willoughby Court, 3/6.....Digby
CAMPBELL, G.—The Joneses and the Asterisks, 3/6.....Lane
[*See p.* 124.]
CAMERON, Mrs. L.—A Bachelor's Bridal, 2/- .....White
CARRUTH, H.—The Adventures of Jones, 2/- .....Chatto
[*A clever specimen of American humour of the long-bow order. But the illustrations are the best of the book.*]
CORBETT, J.—A Business in Great Waters, 6/- .....Methuen
CROMBIE, R.—The Crack of Doom, 3/6.....Digby
CROSS, M.—As Gold in the Furnace, 6/- .....Stock
CROUCH, A. P.—Capt. Enderis, First West African Regiment, a Novel, 3/6.....W. H. Allen
D'ARCY, E.—Monochromes, 3/6 net .....Lane
Dorothy Saddington, by the author of 'The Nausicaa,' 5/-..Skeffington
DOWSON, E.—Dilemmas, Stories and Studies in Sentiment, The Diary of a Successful Man, 3/6 net.....Matthews
DUGDALE, Z.—The Teacher's Prayer .....Stock
[*Written specially for the encouragement of Sunday School teachers.*]
DUVAR, J. H.—Annals of the Court of Oberon, 3/6.....Digby
DYAN, M.—The Hazard of Concealing, or All in a Man's Keeping, 3/6 .....W. H. Allen
EASTWICK, Mrs. E.—The Rubies of Rajmar .....Newnes
[*Eastern mystery and domestic interest are cleverly combined in this popular story.*]
Family of Quality, A, by the author of 'On Heather Hills,' 6/- Hutchinson
FOTHERGILL, C.—The Comedy of Cecilia, 3/6.....Black
FOWLER, E. H.—The Young Pretenders, illus., 6/- .....Longmans
Gender in Satin, A, by Rita, 2/6.....Unwin
GRAHAME, K.—The Golden Age, 3/6 net .....Lane
GREY, H.—The Furled Banner.....Stock
[*A very crude, and, we should say, unwise religious story.*]
GRIFFITH, G.—The Outlaws of the Air, 6/- .... Tower Publishing Co.
HALKETT, C. C.—Scanderbeg, a Romance of the Conquest, 3/6..Bliss
HARLAND, H.—Grey Roses, 3/6 net.....Lane
HEBBLETHWAITE, J.—Castlehill, or a Tale of Two Hemispheres, 2/6 Allenson
HOEY, Mrs. C.—A Golden Sorrow, 2/6 .....Low
HUGHES, E.—An Apostle of Freedom, 1/-.....Arrowsmith
[*An unfeigned delight in sensational literature, and in the description of horrors and perils, has not been enough to make us read this "tale of the anarchists" with patience to the end. Mr. Hughes has bungled the business, and none of his horrors or mysteries thrill us a little bit.*]
HYNE, C. J. C.—Honour of Thieves, 3/6.....Chatto
INGOLD, J.—Roughly Told Stories, 3/6 .....Leadenhall Press
JAMES, H.—Terminations, The Death of the Lion, The Coxon Fund, The Middle Years, The Altar of Death, 6/- Heinemann
JENSEN, W.—Runic Rock, a North-Sea Idyl, translated by M. E. Suckling, 6/-.....Stock
KENEALY, A.—The Honourable Mrs. Spoor, 6/- .....Digby
KENNEDY, K.—Starlight through the Roof, 3/6.....Downey
LAWSON, M.—Coneycreek, 6/- .....Digby
LEITH, A.—A Plant of Lemon Verbena .....Gibbings
[*A pretty Somersetshire story, amiable and peaceful in character.*]
MAARTENS, M.—My Lady Nobody, 6/-.....Bentley
MARSDEN, J. P.—Milady Monte Cristo, 6/-.....Osgood
MARSHALL, E.—The White King's Daughter, 3/6 .....Seeley
[*One of Mrs. Marshall's very pleasant historical tales for young people. The White King's daughter is the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I.*]
M'CLINTOCK, Major H. S.—Random Stories, chiefly Irish, 3/6 Simpkin
Michael Daunt. By the author of Dr. Edith Romney, 2 vols....Hurst
Milly's Story ('The New Moon'), Pioneer Series, 2/6 net..Heinemann
MOLESWORTH, Mrs.—Sheila's Mystery ..... Macmillan
[*The mystery is a little improbable, but then if it were not there, even unexacting children might think the story rather tame. The morals are suitable for inculcation in well-conducted schoolrooms, and the whole is very commonplace and very enervating.*]
MOLLOY, J. F.—Sweet is Revenge, 2/- ..... Hutchinson
MONTGOMERY, F.—Col. Norton, 3 vols. 18/- ..... Bentley
MOORE, G.—Celibates, 6/- .....Scott
[*See p.* 116.]
MOORE, F. F.—The Sale of a Soul, 1/6 .....Hutchinson
MOORE, M.—Drifting, a Novel, 6/- .....Digby

MORGAN, Lady.—O'Donnel, a National Tale, 2/6 .....Downey
MYDDLETON, H.—Phœbe Deacon, or the Love that Lives, 3/6..Jarrold
MURRAY, D. C.—The Martyred Fool, 6/-.....Smith, Elder
NEAL, E.—Coming of Age, 2 vols., 14/-.....Hurst
NORRIS, W. E.—Billy Bellew, 2 vols., 10/- net .....Chatto
[See p. 121.]
PARKER, G.—When Valmond came to Pontiac, the Story of a Lost Napoleon, 6/-.....Methuen
PENDLETON, L.—Corona of the Nantahalas, a Romance, 3/6 ....Low
PENDERRL, R.—A Fleet Street Journalist, 3/6.....Remington
STERN, J.—An Experiment in Respectability, 6/.....Downey
STOCKTON, F. R.—The Adventures of Captain Horn, 6/-.....Cassell
[See p. 119.
TYTLER, S.—The Macdonald Lass, 3/6.....Chatto
Under God's Sky, 6/-.....Innes
VREDENBURG, E.—A Bitter Inheritance, 6d. .....Pearson
[*This is a thrilling story, but the pictures are simply terrifying. Altogether the publisher gives us a liberal amount of horror and mystery for sixpence.*]
WASHINGTON, L.—Reflections of a Wall Flower, 3/6 net..Gay & Bird
WELLS, H. G.—Select Conversations with an Uncle (now extinct), and Two Other Reminiscences, 3/6 (Lane); The Time Machine, an Invention, 2/6 .....Heinemann
Wondrous Strange, and other Stories, by J. Nib, 2/6 .....Remington
WRAY, J. J.—The Red, Red Wine, 3/6 ..... Andrew
WYLD, Mrs. H.—In Quest of a Name .....Tower Publishing Co.
WRIGHT, S. R.—Recognition, 6/- .....Digby
[*While the story plays in Australia it is fairly readable. But the author has a dull and lengthy way of telling his tale.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

ALLEN, Grant.—The Scallywag, 2/- .....Chatto
ELIOT, George.—Works, Standard Edition, The Mill on the Floss, vol. 2, 2/6 .....Blackwood
Felix Holt, vol. 1, 2/6 .....Blackwood
DU MAURIER, G.—Trilby, 6/- .....Osgood
[*There are 121 illustrations by the author in the new one-volume edition of this charming story.*]
HARDY, T.—Wessex Novels: Vol. 3, The Mayor of Casterbridge, with Etching, 6/- ..... Osgood
[See p. 120.]
STEVENSON, R. L.—The Works of, Tales and Fantasies, vol. 3 Constable
[*Containing 'Dr. Jekyll,' 'The Merry Men,' and the other tales included in former editions under that title.*]
STEVENSON, R. L.—Kidnapped, 6/-.....Cassell
STEVENSON, R. L.—Catriona, 6/-.....Cassell
[*These romances were revised shortly before the author's death, and the new edition contains the corrections. 'Catriona' is now illustrated for the first time, Mr. Hole contributing sixteen pictures.*]
Waverley Novels, vols. 1 and 2, Waverley, 1/6 net per vol. A. Constable

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

Abbotsford Series of the Scottish Poets, edited by Todd, vol. 5, Scottish Poety of Seventeenth Century, 5/- .....Hodge
ARNOLD, Sir E.—The Tenth Muse, and other Poems, 5/- net Longmans
[See p. 122.]
BLACKMORE, R. D.—Fringilla, some Tales in Verse, illustrated, 10/- net .....Mathews
[See p. 114.]
BLOCK, L. J.—The New World, with other Verse, 6/- .....Putnams
[*This is very serious poetry. The old world is a little too tired to read it very readily. Mr. Block has a good deal to say about Goethe and Walt Whitman and Orpheus and Protagoras, but his "Friendship of the Faith" (read at the Chicago Parliament of Religions) sang us such a sleepy tune that not even his bold "Drinking Song" could rouse us. His chance will be with his own younger, fresher people.*]
CALDWELL, J. E.—Songs of the Pines .....Briggs, Toronto
[*Mr. Caldwell sings, "My country, my country, I'm jealous for thy fame," but if this be true he shouldn't discredit it by such undignified rhymes as "Oh, love, do you remember That night in cold December, When down the chute, In transport mute," etc. Canada can do better.*]
FITZPATRICK, R. H.—Lyrics, 3/- .....W. Stewart
[*There is poor stuff in this little volume, enough almost to hide the good. But the good is there for the searching. Mr. Fitzpatrick is at least poetical, if his poetical feelings are not always very articulate. Very probably his note will grow clearer. In any case, he has written one or two very pretty lyrics.*]
GURTEEN, S. H.—The Arthurian Epic, 7/6.....Putnams
LYNCH, A.—Religio Athletæ, 2/6 net.....Remington
LEGGE, A. E. J.—Sunshine and Smoke, a Book of Verse, 3/6 net Simpkin
LONGMAN.—Music Course: Part 2, Harmony and Counterpoint, by T. H. Bertenshaw, 3/- ....Longmans
MORRISON, G.—Alonzo Quixano, otherwise Don Quixote, a Dramatization of the Novel of Cervantes, 1/- net .....Mathews
Poems of Paganism, by Paganus, 5/-.....Roxburghe Press
[*Whether the sentiments of good verse be pagan or Christian we do not care; but if these be a manifesto of pagan art or principles they should have been a little better in poetic quality. They are not all common-place, but the best are merely pleasantly pretty, and the paganism is, we think, only on the label.*]
Shakespeare's Works, Whitehall Edition, vol. 4, 5/- ..... Constable
Strand Musical Magazine, vol. 1, 6/- .....Newnes
Veiled Hand, The, and other Poems, 2/6 .....Williams & Norgate
WARR, G. C. W.—The Dawn of European Literature: The Greek Epic, 3/-.....S.P.C.K.
WEBSTER, A. (late).—Mother and Daughter, an Incomplete Sonnet-Sequence, 2/6 net .....Macmillan
[See p. 118.]
YEOMAN, W. J.—Fugitive Fancies, 3/6.....Digby
[*The author likes to express his interest in men and things in verse. He is very impartial, the late Duke of Clarence and Shelley impelling him to equally fine language. But though there is a marked absence of melody or thought about the verses, they raise no ill feelings in a reader.*]

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

AUBREY, W. H. S.—The Rise and Growth of the English Nation, vol. 1, 7/6 .....Stock
BICKERDYKE, J.—Days of my Life on Waters Fresh and Salt, 6/- Longmans
Barras, Member of the Directorate, Memoirs of, edited by G. Duruy, 4 vols, 16/- each .....Osgood
BRADLEY, A. G.—Wolfe, 2/6 ....Macmillan
BRASSEY, Lord.—Voyages and Travels of, 1862-1894, edited by Capt. S. Eardley-Wilmot, 2 vols, 10/-.....Longmans
Cassell's Gazetteer of Great Britain, vol. 2, 7/6 .....Cassell
COMSTOCK, E. L.—Life and Letters of.....Headley
[*Elizabeth Comstock was a noted preacher and religious worker in America, and a woman of vigorous character. Many of her letters, especially those dating from the war times, are of general interest.*]
CUMBERLAND, Major C. S.—Sport on the Pamirs and Turkistan Steppes, 10/6 .....Blackwood
DUCKETT, Sir G. F.—Anecdotal Reminiscences of an Octo-Nonogenarian, 12/6 net .....Simpkin
EDWARDS, GRIFFITH, The Rev.—The Works of .....Stock
[*Besides a biography of the late vicar of Llangadfan, the volume contains the histories of several Welsh parishes in which Mr. Edwards was interested, and specimens of his Welsh and English verse.*]
ELKINGTON, W. M.—Five Years in Canada, 2/6 net .....Whittaker
FANSHAWE, Admiral Sir E. G.—Sir Hew Dalrymple at Gibraltar and in Portugal in 1808, 3/6.....Simpkin
FINCK, H. F.—Lotos Time in Japan, 7/6.....Lawrence & Bullen
GEORGE, T.—Birth, Boyhood, and Younger Days of H. M. Stanley Roxburghe Press
[*Written by "an old playmate" to prove that Mr. Stanley was once Howell Jones. The subject will be important when Mr. Stanley by any declaration of his own makes it so.*]
HAMLEY, General Sir E. BRUCE.—Life of, by A. I. Shand, 2 vols., 21/- Blackwood
HARPER, C. G.—The Portsmouth Road and its Tributaries To-day and in the Days of Old, 16/-.....Chapman
[See p. 123.]
HEARN, L.—Out of the East, Reveries and Studies in New Japan, 5/-
Heroes of the Nations: Louis XIV. and the Zenith of the French Monarchy, by A. Hassall, 5/- .....Putnams
HODGKIN, T.—Italy and her Invaders, 554 to 744, Maps and Illustrations, 36/- .....Clarendon Press
HOPGOOD, J. F.—Russian Rambles, 6/- ..... Longmans
HOLLINGSHEAD, J.—My Lifetime, with Portrait, 2 vols., 21/-....Low
HOLM, A.—History of Greece, vol. 2, 6/- net .....Macmillan
JACKSON, F. G.—The Great Frozen Land, 15/- net .....Macmillan
Kelly's Directory of Berkshire, Bucks, and Oxon, 30/- .. ..Kelly
KOVALEVSKY, SONIA.—Biography and Autobiography, Memoir by A. C. Leffler, translated by L. von Cossel, 3/6 .....Scott
LAMP, HENRY.—Autobiography of, edited by J. J. Green, 3/-.Headley
[*A curious and interesting book. Dr. Lamp, who was born in 1660, had a varied career. He became a Quaker, was a Huguenot prisoner, travelled much, and thought a good deal. For the publication of the old manuscript autobiography, lovers of genuine human documents will feel grateful to the editor.*]
LUFFMAN, C. B.—A Vagabond in Spain, 6/- .....Murray
LUNN, Rev. H. S.—How to Visit Switzerland, 2/6 .....Simpkin
LYDE, L. W.—Man on the Earth, a Course in Geography, 2/-..Blackie
MARKHAM, C. R.—Major James Rennell and the Rise of Modern English Geography, 3/6
Memorials of a Short Life, Biographical Sketch of W. F. A. Gaussen, edited by G. F. Browne, 6/- .....Unwin
MILN, L. J.—Quaint Korea, 5/- ....Osgood
MORRIS, J.—Advance, Japan, a Nation thoroughly in Earnest, 12/6 W. H. Allen
McClure's Complete Life of Napoleon, 50c.....McClure
[*This popular and attractive volume contains Miss Tarbeth's Life of Napoleon, and a very large number of illustrations taken from the best collections. An English edition would, we feel sure, be in great demand.*]
MUDDOCK, J. E.—For Valour, a Record of the Bestowal of the Victoria Cross, 3/6..... Hutchinson
MUMMERY, A. F.—My Climbs in the Alps, illus., 21/- net ....Unwin
NEWMAN, Capt. C. L. N.—Matabeleland and How we Got it, 7/6 Unwin
NEILSON, G.—Repentance Tower and its Tradition....G. P. Johnston
[*Of great interest to the historian, antiquarian, and ballad-lover. The old Annandale tower has never before received such careful scrutiny.*]
Princess of Wales, The, a Biographical Sketch, by M. S. Warren, 5/ Newnes
PROWSE, D. W.—History of Newfoundland from the English, Colonial and Foreign Records, 21/- net.....Macmillan
PUTNAM, R.—William the Silent, Prince of Orange, the Story of his Life, 2 vols., 15/- .....Putnams
ROBERTS, W. R.—The Ancient Bœotians, 5/- .....Cambridge Press
[*This scholarly essay on the character and culture of the ancient Bœotians is an able vindication of them from the reputation implied, in the term "Bœotian swine."*]
ROPES, J. C.—The First Napoleon, a Sketch, 7/6 net..... Putnams
ROUND, J. H.—Feudal England, Historical Studies on the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries, 12/6 .....Sonnenschein
Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe, 6/6 net Gay & Bird
SMALLEY, G. W.—Studies of Men, 8/6 net .....Macmillan
SMITH, E. S. M.—Our Rambles in Old London.....S. Low
[*Arranged in Six Walks. The information is given with brevity and accuracy, yet in a most readable fashion. Visitors to London, and, let us add, Londoners, should find much help and guidance in this very intelligent little book.*]
STEPHEN, Sir J. FITZ-JAMES.—Life of, by L. Stephen, 16/- Smith, Elder
Story of the Nations: vol. 41, Vedic India, by Z. A. Ragozin, 5/- Unwin
Summer Holidays in North-east England, 1/6 .....Scott
[*A popular guide—of which the photographic illustrations form the most important part—to Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Durham, and Yorkshire.*]

Tarikh-i-Rashidi, The, of Mirza Muhammad Hardar Dughlat, an English Version, edited by N. Elias, 30/- net .....Low

TARVER, J. C.—Gustave Flaubert as seen in his Works and Correspondence, 14/- .....Constable

Thomson, J., of Duddingston, Pastor and Painter, a Memoir, etc., by W. Baird, 25/- net.....A. Elliott

Thorough Guide Series: The Isle of Wight, by C. S. Ward, 2/6.Dulau

THORNTON, J. H.—Memoirs of Seven Campaigns, 17/6 net..Constable

Times Atlas, The, 21/- net.....*Times* Office

TOOMEY, T. E.—Heroes of the Victoria Cross.....Newnes

[*Meagre as is the account given of the valorous deeds for which the Cross has been awarded, we are grateful for this faithful record. To possess the names of the heroes, their circumstances at the time, and, where possible, their portraits* (228 *of these are given*), *is already much. Mr. Toomey has compiled his book of honour with great clearness and accuracy.*]

TUTT, J. W.—Rambles in Alpine Valleys, 3/6.....Sonnenschein

Way about Herefordshire, edited by A. Baines, 2/6.....Iliffe

WHEELER, S.—The Ameer Abdur Rahman, with portrait and Maps, 3/6.....Bliss, Sands

WILBERFORCE, Rev. Father B.—Memoir of Mother Frances Raphael, 7/6

WINSOR, J.—The Struggle in America between England and France, 1697-1763, 15/- ..... Low

WORTH, R. N.—A History of Devonshire, 3/6 net.....Stock

[*One of the most valuable and readable of the shorter country histories we have met with. Summer visitors as well as Devonshire men should note its publication.*]

NEW EDITIONS.

English Men of Letters: Scott, Burns, Coleridge, 3/6.....Macmillan

WIEL, A.—Venice, 5/.....Unwin

[*The useful volume in the "Story of the Nations" series, already reviewed in our columns, is reissued in a handy tourist edition.*]

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

ABNEY, Capt. W. de W., and CLARK, L.—Handbooks for Photographers: Platinotype, 2/6 .....Williams and N.

BABINGTON, W. D.—Fallacies of Race Theories as applied to National Characteristics, 6/-.....Longmans

BALLANTYNE, J. W.—The Diseases and Deformities of the Fœtus, vol. 2, 10/6.....Oliver & Boyd

BALLY, S. E.—A French Commercial Reader, 2/- .....Bliss

BARRERE, A.—A Dictionary of English and French Military Terms, part 1, 4/-.....Hachette

BEDDARD, F. E.—A Monograph of the Order of Oligochæta, 42/-; A Text-Book of Zoogeography, 6/- .....Clarendon Press

BENNETT, A. R.—The Telephone Systems of the Continent of Europe, 15/-.....Longmans

BIDIE, G.—Laboratory Analysis of Water, Milk, and Bread, 2/- net Hirschfeld

BLISS, W. D. P.—A Handbook of Socialism, 3/6.....Sonnenschein

Broader Britain, Photographs depicting the Scenery, the Cities, etc., of the Colonies, 8/6 net .....Werner

BROCKLEMANN, C.—Lexicon Syriacum, 30/- net .....T. & T. Clark

BROCKWAY, F. J., and O'MALLEY.—Anatomy, 6/- net.....Kimpton

Catalogue of Portraits in the Possession of Pembroke College, Oxon, 2/6 net .....Blackwell

CHAMBERS, G. F.—The Story of the Stars.....Newnes

[*An admirable little manual, concise, scientific, and readable.*]

Cicero de Finibus, Book 2, edited by Maitland, Introduction, Text, and Notes, 3/6; Translation and Test Papers, 2/6 .....Clive

Ciceronis pro T. Annio Milone, ad Indices Oratio, ed. by A. C. Clark, 8/6 ..... Clarendon Press

Cicero de Amicitia, edited by Allcroft and Masom, Introduction, Text, Notes, Vocabulary, and Test Papers, 2/6.....Clive

CHEYNE, W. W.—Tuberculous Disease of Bones and Joints, 14/- net Pentland

DARMESTETER, J.—Selected Essays, translated from French by B. Jastrow, 6/6 .....Longmans

DEL MAR, A.—History of Monetary Systems.....E. Wilson

[*A record of actual experiments in money made by various states of the ancient and modern world. A valuable work, containing much careful research and few theories.*]

DENCH, E. B.—Diseases of the Ear, a Text-Book for Practitioners, 21/- net .....Hirschfeld

DUBOIS, E.—The Climates of the Geological Past and their Relation to the Evolution of the Sun, 3/6 .....Sonnenschein

DUMAS, A.—Impressions de Voyage en Suisse, ed. by L. Sers, 2/- net Rivington

EMMET, L. E.—Notes on perusing Titles to Real and Leasehold Property, 5/- net .....Jordan

FOXWELL, A.—Essays in Heart and Lung Disease, 12/6.....Griffin

FREUDENREICH, Dr. E. von.—Dairy Bacteriology, trans. by J. H. A. Davis, 2/6.....Methuen

FROTHINGHAM, L.—Laboratory Guide for the Bacteriologist, illust., 4/- net.....Hirschfeld

GALTON, F.—Fingerprint Directories, 5/- net .....Macmillan

GATKE, H.—Heligoland as an Ornithological Observatory, translated by R. Rosenstock, 21/- .....Douglas

Gems of Art: The Best Landscapes, Statuary, and Buildings in the World, 7/6 net..... *Review of Reviews* Office

Goethe's Faust, The First Part, with a Literal Translation by Beta, 3/6 Nutt

GONNER, E. C. K.—The Socialist State, its Nature, etc., 2/6....Scott

GOODNOW, F. J.—Municipal Home Rule, 6/6.....Macmillan

HARKER, A.—Petrology for Students, 7/6 .....Camb. Press

HARRIS, T.—Indurative Mediastino Pericarditis, 5/-....Smith & Elder

HARTMANN, E. von.—The Sexes Compared, and other Essays, 2/6 Sonnenschein

HOBSON, J. A.—Co-operative Labour upon the Land, and other Papers, 2/6

JONES, C.—Companion to the Solicitor's Clerk, 2/6 net ....E. Wilson

KEATING, J. M., and HAMILTON, H.—Pocket Medical Lexicon, 2/6 net .....Kimpton

LAMB, H.—Hydrodynamics, 20/- net.....,,Camb. Warehouse

LAYCOCK, F. W.—Economics and Socialism, 7/6.....Sonnenschein

Life and Labour of the People in London, ed. by C. Booth, vols. 5 and 6, 7/6 each, net.....Macmillan

Longman's School Algebra, by W. S. Beard and A. Telfer, 3/6 Longmans

LONG, J. W.—Syllabus of Gynecology, 4/ net .....Hirschfeld

Mercantile Speller, containing the Correct Ways of Spelling Words used in Correspondence, 3/- net .....Bush

MIALL, Professor L. C.—Natural History of Aquatic Insects, 6/- Macmillan

[*Professor Miall is a master of his subject, and a systematic zoologist of repute; but here he has used as few technicalities as possible, and made his book all the more useful to the working naturalist, young or old.*]

MORLAND, G., Painter, London (1763-1804), by R. Richardson, 7/6 Stock

[*See p.* 115.]

MUIR, J.—Agriculture, Practical and Scientific, 4/6.....Macmillan

MUN, T.—England's Treasure by Forraign Trade (1664), 3/- net Macmillan

NORTH, M. A., and HILLIARD, A. E.—Latin Prose Composition, 3/6 Rivington

PRESTWICH, J.—On Certain Phenomena belonging to the Close of the last Geological Period, 2/6 net .....Macmillan

[*An important contribution to geology. The author's observations of certain phenomena have led him to a theory regarding the Tradition of the Flood, which he has stated with commendable clearness and simplicity.*]

PRENTICE, C.—The Eye in its Relation to Health, 6/6 .....Wright

PROTHERO, M.—Political Economy, 4/6 .....Bell

Publilii Syri Sententiæ, ed. by R. A. H. Bickford-Smith, 5/- Camb. Press

RATTIGAN, Sir W. H.—Private International Law, 10/6.....Stevens

SKENE, A. J. C.—Medical Gynecology, 21/-.....Pentland

Stroll in a Marsh, A; Across the Common; Around a Cornfield; Down the Lane and Back; Through the Copse; By Uncle Matt, 1/- each .....Nelson

[*Delightful books for country children. The letterpress is very simple and mostly in story form, and the pictures are accurate and helpful for the purposes of very elementary botanizing. Village libraries, take note.*]

TRAILL, C. P.—Pearls and Pebbles, or Notes of an Old Naturalist, 8/6 Low

TURNER, T.—The Metallurgy of Iron and Steel, vol. 1, 16/- ....Griffin

ULLAH, M. M., and COLCLOUGH, J. G.—Manual of the Law of Contract, 5/- net.....Jordan

VINE, G. T.—Mathametical Note-Book, 2/-.....Simpkin

VOLLERS, D. K.—The Modern Egyptian Dialects of Arabia, a Grammar with Exercises, etc., 10/6 net.....Camb. Warehouse

WALLACE, R. H.—Agriculture, 3/- .....Chambers

NEW EDITION.

MASPERO, G.—Manual of Egyptian Archæology, 6/-.....Grevel

[*The translator, the late Miss A. B. Edwards, says rightly of this fascinating book, that it is "delightful as if it were not learned, and as instructive as if it were dull." It contains all the general reader or traveller wants to know.*]

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALEXANDER, A.—New Games and Sports for Schools, Clubs, and Gymnasia, 3/6.....Philip

BELL, J.—The Servant's Guide, a Series of Practical Recipes, 2/- Low

BOYESEN, H. H.—Essays on Scandinavian Literature, 5/-.....Nutt

BROWNE, Bishop G. F.—Off the Mill, some Occasional Papers, 6/- Smith & Elder

BURNELL, Rev. A.—Some Thoughts on Socialism, 9d. .....Stock

[*Amiable, well-intentioned, but rather obvious remarks on the social question.*]

EASEL, JACK.—Our Square and Circle, or the Annals of a Little London House .....Smith & Elder

ELLACOMBE, H. N.—In a Gloucestershire Garden, 6/-.....E. Arnold

Evergreen, The, a Northern Seasonal: Spring, 5/- net.....Unwin

GIDDINS, Rev. G. H.—The Christian Travellers' Continental Handbook, 7th edition.....Stock

Government by the People, by the author of 'The Story of My Dictatorship,' 1/- .....Bliss

[*Thoughts on democracy, showing how its past failures have arisen, and that its future success depends on a literal following of the Golden Rule. The pamphlet is thoughtful, even if it contributes nothing new to the question.*]

Great Eastern Railway, Official Guide to, 3d., illustrated.....Cassell

[*Abridged and popular edition.*]

GREGORY, R.—Elementary Education, some Account of its Rise, etc., 3/6.....Nat. Soc.

HAINES, F. E.—A Keramic Study.....Author, Bangor, U.S.A.

[*An American lady's account of her visit to the Staffordshire potteries.*]

Health and Success in Business, by a Business Man, 2/6 net

HOWARTH, W.—Our Leading Banks; Vol. 1, Joint-Stock Banks (London), 8vo, 2/- ..... Author

Legends of Florence, collected from the People, and retold by C. G. Leland, 1st Series, 5/- .....Nutt

[*See p.* 116.]

LELAND, C. G.—Hans Breitmann in Germany, Tyrol, 3/6.....Unwin

Love Letters of Mr. H. and Miss R. (1775-1779), ed. by G. Burgess, 5/- Heinemann

MACCOLL, Rev. M.—England's Responsibility towards Armenia, 2/6 Longmans

MACKENZIE, E. G.—In Grouseland, 3/6.....Sonnenschein

MORRIS, W.—The Wood beyond the Worlds, 6/- net Lawrence & Bullen

NEWBIGGING, T.—Fables and Fabulists, Ancient and Modern, 5/- Stock

Our Locomotives, by J. F. S., 1/- net.....Headley

[*Contains a large number of sketches of locomotives, with notes giving information about dimensions, etc.*]

ROUSSEAU, J. J.—The Social Contract, 2/6.....Sonnenschein

ROWE, C.—In many Queer Streets, 6/-.....Digby
[*There are narrated here many incidents of life and travel, which, had the writer been a little more skilful, might have been woven into excellent fiction. Amid many trivialities there are some real experiences given that are worth glancing at.*]
WHITE, C. N.—Pleasurable Bee-Keeping, 2/6.....E. Arnold
SAVAGE, R. H.—In the Old Chateau, 2/-.....Routledge
THOREAU.—Essays and other Writings, 2/6.....Scott
[*Contains essays, letters, and a selection from the poems. Why is the fine Prayer omitted? The frontispiece is a portrait of Thoreau. Mr. Dircks contributes a prefatory note. This is a pretty and desirable edition.*]
WILLARD, F. E.—A Wheel within a Wheel, How I Learned to Ride the Bicycle, 2/-.....Hutchinson
WILSON, J.—The Millennium, 2/6.....Nisbet

NEW EDITIONS.

TREVELYAN, Sir G.—Competition Wallah, 6/-.....Macmillan
[*These able and strikingly vivid letters on Indian matters have lost very little of their interest during the thirty years that have elapsed since their first publication.*]
WHATELEY, R.—Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte, 3/-. Putnam

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between May 15th and June 15th, 1895:—

LONDON, E.C.

1. Mother Raphael, Life of. 7s. 6d. (Longman.)
2. Kidd's Social Evolution. 5s. net. (Longman.)
3. Clodd's Story of Primitive Man. 1s. (Newnes.)
4. Lent in London. 3s. 6d. (Longman.)
5. Marson's Following of Christ. 5s. (Stock.)
6. Bishop of Ripon's Lectures on Preaching. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Trade still very dull.

LONDON, W.C.

1. Mummery's Climb in Alps and Caucasus.
2. Booth's Life and Labour, vols. 5 and 6.
3. Step's Wayside and Woodland Blossoms.
4. Clodd's Story of Primitive Man.
5. Zola's A Love Episode.
6. Balfour's Foundations of Belief.

Trade has been rather quiet.

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Du Maurier: Trilby.
2. Zangwill: The Master.
3. Mummery: My Climbs in the Alps.
4. Morris: Butterflies, parts.
5. Morris: Birds, parts.
6. Step: Wayside and Woodland Blossoms.

BRADFORD.

1. Maureen's Fairing. Jane Barlow. 2s. 6d. net. (Dent.)
2. Adventures of Hajji Baba. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
3. Trilby. 6s. (Osgood.)
4. Bonnie Brier Bush. 6s.
5. Social Evolution. 5s. net.
6. Waverley Novels. Constable's edition.

BURNLEY.

1. Kidd's Social Evolution. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)
2. Strand Magazine, vol. 9. (The Office.)
3. Kernahan's God and the Ant. 1s. (Ward, Lock.)
4. Clodd's Primitive Man. 1s. (Newnes.)
5. Mrs. Henry Wood's Lord Oakburn's Daughter. 2s. (Bentley.)
6. H. M. Stanley's My Early Travels and Adventures. 2 vols. 12s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

MANCHESTER.

1. Trilby.
2. God and the Ant.
3. Wayside and Woodland Blossoms
4. Newbigging: Fables and Fabulists.

SUNDERLAND.

1. Du Maurier's Trilby. 6s.
2. Sir H. Maxwell's Duke of Britain. 6s.
3. Kidd's Social Evolution. Cheap edition. 5s. net.
4. Ruskin's Works. Cheap edition.
5. Baedeker's Guide Books.

ABERDEEN.

1. Royal Academy Pictures. Cloth, 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)
2. Scottish Church Society Conferences. 2nd series. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. net.
3. George Eliot's Works. Standard edition. 2s. 6d. per vol. (Blackwood.)
4. Kidd's Social Evolution. Cheaper edition. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)
5. Digest of Church Laws. By Dr. Mair. 2nd edition. 9s. net. (Blackwood.)
6. Galt's Annals of the Parish. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan); and 2 vols. 6s. net. (Blackwood.)

GLASGOW.

1. Life and Letters of John Cairns, D.D., LL.D. By Dr. Alexander R. MacEwen, D.D. 14s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. Annals of the Parish. By John Galt. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
3. Waverley Novels, new edition, 2 vols. 3s. and 5s. (Constable.)
4. Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By Crockett. 6s. (Unwin.)
5. Elizabeth Glen. By Annie S. Swan. 3s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
6. English Men of Letters, vols. 1 to 6. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

DUBLIN (1).

1. Mummery's Climbing in the Alps.
2. Dowden's New Studies in Literature.
3. Froude's English Seamen.
4. Preston's Theory of Light.
5. Duruy's Memoirs of Barras. French edition.
6. Barlow's Maureen's Fairing.

DUBLIN (2).

1. Elements of Religious Life. By Rev. W. Humphrey. 5s. (Art & Book Co.)
2. Revealed Religion. By Dr. F. Hettinger. 5s. (Burns & Oates.)
3. Tom Cringle's Log. "Illustrated Standard Novels." 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
4. Social Evolution. By Benjamin Kidd. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)
5. A Daughter of the Soil. By M. E. Francis. 6s. (Osgood.)
6. Adventures of Sherlock Holmes. By Conan Doyle. 3s. 6d. (Newnes.)

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

TRADE NOTES.

LONDON, W.C.

(*Second-hand.*)

Business with first editions improves every day, more especially with America.

LONDON, E.C.

(*Second-hand.*)

The second-hand trade is quiet for the time of year; fair demand for works of fiction and relating to sport.

BIRMINGHAM.

The general manager of the Midland Educational Company, Limited, Birmingham, Mr. Achilles Taylor, has resigned his position, which he has held for the last sixteen years with such marked success.

BURNLEY.

Doing fairly well in special lines bargains, but want much attention and push to sell them. Sold a few sets of books during the month, such as Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, etc., and some 20 to 30 sets of Virtue's 15s. books, all bargains.

LEAMINGTON.

Sold Art of the World, 2 vols., £12 12s., making four copies sold in 1895.

LIVERPOOL.

The Whitsuntide holidays have interfered somewhat with the bookseller's business in Liverpool. Business is, however, on the move again. The establishment of Liverpool University College and other new and valuable institutions has improved the sale of scientific, art, and other similar works.

YORK (1).

Trade fairly good. More demand for general character of literature. Books dealing with social problems are freely enquired for.

YORK (2).

Business slightly improving. There is an increased demand for works on science and philosophy. A larger number of second-hand books have been in the market. Some "finds" are reported, amongst which are Milton's Paradise Lost, 1st edition, and Arthur Young's Tour in the North of England.

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

ANDERSON & SON, DUMFRIES.

Kelly's Textile Directory, latest issue.
Aird's Poetical Works, blue cloth, clean as new.
Ramage's Drumlanrig.
Hogg's Life of Dr. Wightman.
Graham's Mystifications.
Life of Lady Grizel Bailey (R. and R. Clarke's edition).
Geikie's Scenery and Geology of Scotland, any edition.
Two of Cameron and Ferguson's (Glasgow) 6d. Novels:—
Dingle, the Backwoodsman.
Neverfail, or Children of the Border.

J. E. ARNETT, THE LIBRARY, TENBY.

Historical Traditions and Facts relating to Newport, Caerleon, and Monmouthshire, parts 1, 3, 5, or any.
Hermit of Hoyle's Mouth (poem about 8 pp., 4to), good price given.
Red Dragon, nos. 3, vol. 8; 5, vol. 9; 2 and 6, vol. 10, cheap.
Man in the Moon, parts 8, 10, 20, 22 to end, clean.
Pickwick, 1836, part 2, or pp. 45 and 48.
Buffon's Natural History, by Smellie and Chambers, part 1, 4to (Kelly, London).
Jones' (Gastineau) Views in Wales, nos. 19, 21, 32, 34 to end.

BARNICOTT & PEARCE, TAUNTON.

Ency. Brit., 9th edit., vols. 16, 20 to end.
Allen's Commercial Organic Analysis, vols. 1 and 2.
Photogram, edition de luxe, January, March, April.

BRIGDEN & CO., GLOUCESTER.

Ryle, J. C.: Expository Thoughts on St. John, vol. 2 (Hunt).
Parker, Dr. J.: Hidden Springs (Pitman).

A. BROWN, 15, BRISTO PLACE, EDINBURGH.

Boy's Own Paper, vol. 4, parts preferred.
Binnie's Stone Mason.
Lewin's History of the Post or Post-Office.
An Album of Postage Stamps.
Anything about Postage Stamps.
Hilkes' Stamps of Great Britain.

JOHN BRUNSKILL, 12, NEVILLE STREET, YORK.

Egoist, cheap edition.
Nicoll's Ten Minute Sermons.
Dutch and English Dictionary.
Mills' Dissertations, 4 vols.
Geikie's Half Hours with the Bible, vol. 4.
Burns' Notes, Blackie's edition, vol. 8.
Maclaren's Bonnie Brier Bush.

A. COOPER, 68, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.

O'Brien's Round Towers of Ireland.
Donne's Poems.
Byron, Shelley, and Keats, early editions.
Burton's Arabian Nights.
Zoological Society's Transactions and Proceedings.
Voltaire's Maid of Orleans.
Ireland's Napoleon.
Bon Ton Magazine.
Lamb, Charles, early editions.
Goldsmith: Any early editions.
Criminal Trials, collections of.
Alpine Books, good ones.
Dibdin's Bibliographical Decameron.
Symonds's Renaissance in Italy, 7 vols.
" Any other works.
Campan: Marie Antoinette, 2 vols.
D'Abrante's Napoleon.

J. E. CORNISH, 16, ST. ANN'S SQUARE, MANCHESTER.

Balfour's Philosophic Doubt.
Fichte's Art of Questioning.
Hayes' Points of a Horse.
Borrow's Romany Rye, 2 vols., 1857.
Baker's North Yorkshire, 1863.
Watson's Geographical Distribution of British Plants, 1835.
Culross's Divine Companion.
Wright's Lyric Poetry (Percy Society).
Scott's Miscellaneous Prose Works, Roxburgh edition, vols. 7 to 30, paper label, 2s. 6d. each.
Ziemssen's Cyclopædia of Medicine, vols. 8, 10, 12, 13.
Boy's Own Annual, vols. 4, 5, 6.
Wm. Watson's Poems (Macmillan).

R. INGALTON DRAKE, ETON.

Chasses à Course en France et Angleterre, par Donatien Levesque (Plon, Paris).
Porticus Etonensis, 1859.
Salt Hill Papers, by two Etonians, 1875 (Williams).
The Phœnix, 1860-61 (Eton).
Eton Observer, 1860.
Sun Pictures of Eton College, a collection of permanent photographs.
The College Magazine, 1832.

GEORGE GREGORY, BATH.

Theatrum Floræ, Paris, 1659 or 1732, folio, plates of flowers, etc.
Sessional Index to Hansard's Debates for 1890.

HARRISON & SONS, PALL MALL, S.W.

Hart's Annual Army List, 1866.
Dickens' Little Dorrit, Nos. 3, 5, to end, or will sell 1, 2, and 4.
Bleak House, Nos. 1 to 8.
David Copperfield, Nos. 7, 9, 12.
Dombey, 1, 2, 8, 9, 10, 19, 20.
Handley Cross, early editions, good clean copy, bound or unbound.
Richter's Italian Art in the National Gallery.

JAGGARD & TAYLOR, 81, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Boufflers, anything by or bearing reference to this old French family.
Ouseley, Travels, 3 vols.
Warren, Work on Bookplates.
Law Quarterly Review, complete set.
Bentham, British Flora, 2 vols.
Ashmont, Kennel Secrets.
Grove, Dictionary of Music.
Omar Khayyam, Nutt's edition, 1889.
Pictorial World (newspaper), 1882-83.
Biographical Mirror, pub. about 1790.
Tales of my Landlord, 1816.
Bible, pub. at Cambridge, 1678.
Her Majesty's Leaves from the Journal, crimson cloth, 1868.
Any poems by Evelyn Douglas.
Kabbala Denudata.
Carlyle's Works, set, good type.
Brongmart et Riocreux, Sevres Porcelaine, folio.
Hakluyt Society Publications, set.
Poetical Works of Richard Llwyd.

LUPTON BROS., BURNLEY.

Balfour's Philosophic Doubt.
Groves' Dictionary of Music, in parts, 3s. 6d. each, all after part 10.
Reeve's History of English Law.
Hunter's, Dr., Hydropathy.
Nature, vols. 7, 33, and 34, and nos. 822, 1,011, 1,222, and 1,257.
Chemistry by Writers of Eminence, pub. by Wm. Mackenzie in 8 divisions, imp. 8vo, brown cloth, gilt, want division 1.

B. & J. F. MEEHAN, 32, GAY STREET, BATH.

Freeman's Norman Conquest, 6 vols., 8vo, or vols. 1, 2.
Private Life, by the Author of 'Geraldine.'
St. Pierre: La Chaumière Indienne, 1838 ed.
Parr, Rev. R. H.: The Path of the Just, and other Sermons preached at Scarborough (Rivington, 1886).
Appleton Journal, vol. 18.
All the Year Round, vols. 36, 59.
Colburn's New Monthly, vol. 48.
Contemporary Review, vol. 3.
Fraser, vols. 56, 109.
Harper, vol. 53.

MIDLAND EDUCATIONAL CO., LD., LEAMINGTON SPA.

Old Coaching Days, by Harris.
Candidate's Manual, by Marsh and Allport.
Hissey's Drive through England.
" Across England in a Dog Cart.
" Old-Fashioned Journey.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush, 1st edition.

MIDLAND EDUCATIONAL CO., LD., BIRMINGHAM.

Phillis Browne's Pharmacopœia.
Speaker, September 15, 1894.
Owen Jones' Grammar of Ornament.

J. MITCHELL, TALBOT ROAD, WREXHAM.

Taylor, Dr. W. M.: Life Truths.
" " Misery of the Masses.
Drysdale: Life the Equivalence of Force.
Hahnemann's, Jahr's, Lippe's works, or other non-domestic Homœopathic books or journals.

JAS. PARKER & CO., 27, BROAD STREET OXFORD.

Kingsley: What, then, does Dr. Newman mean?
Hornem, Horace: The Waltz, an Apostrophic Hymn, 1813.
Missals, Breviaries, etc., any.
Migne's Patrologia Sacra, any vols., Greek or Latin.

J. SHONE & CO., LOMBARD ST., BELFAST.

North of Ireland Local History and Antiquities.
Hill's Plantation of Ulster, and others.
Broms' Poems, out of the way editions, old or recent; and American editions.

W. H. SMITH, PUBLIC FREE LIBRARY, DEWSBURY.

Juvenal and Persius, trans. by the Rev. M. Maden.
Baring-Gould's By Flood and Fold.
Dewsbury and Neighbourhood: pamphlets printed or published in, or that refer to.
Times (unbound), for 1890 and 1891.

T. SMYTH, 35, QUEEN STREET, BELFAST.

Ulster Journal of Archæology, part 1 or vol. 1.
Ware's Ireland, vol. 1, 1839.
Reeve's Down and Connor.
Dublin Penny Illustrated, vol. 3.
Macdonalds of Antrim.
Plantation of Ulster.
National MSS. of Ireland, vols. 1, 2.
O'Hanlon's Lives of the Irish Saints, vol. 3.
Thompson's Natural History of Ireland, vols. 1, 4.
Harriett Wilson's Memoirs, vol. 1.

PARRY & CO., 29, MOUNT PLEASANT, LIVERPOOL.

Roscoe and Schorlemmer, vol. 3.
Hallam's Literary History, vol. 2, 1873.
" Middle Ages, vol. 2, 1837.
Bryan's Painters, vol. 2, 1889, or set.
Slater's early editions.
Langmead's Constitutional History.
Inman's Ancient Law.

W. T. SPENCER, 27, NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.

Romford Hounds, cut copy, 1865.
Dickens, any odd parts.
Thackeray, any odd parts.
Lever, any odd parts.
Cruikshank, any odd parts.
Leech, any odd parts.

C. A. STREICHER, WAVERLEY ST., YORK.

Froude's Life of Thomas Carlyle (Silver Library).
" Erasmus, 6s. edition.
" Short Studies on Great Subjects (Silver Library).
Burton's Book Hunter.
Birrell's Essays about Men, Women, and Books.
Davidson's Ballads.

SANDELL & SMITH, 136, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Fowler, H.: Gleanings from the Bible.
Irons, Joseph: Exposition of the Epistle to the Romans.
Irons, Joseph: Priscilla.
Mason: Songs of Praise, Sedgwick reprint.

C. TERRY & CO., 80, COLEMAN STREET, LONDON WALL, E.C.

Howgate: Cruise of the Florence, 1879.
Force: Grinnell Land, 1852.
Hooper: Cruise of the Corevin, 1883.
Bessel's Smith Sound, 1876.
Nourse: American Ice Zones, 1884.
Hearne's Journey, 1795, and other Arctic works.

OCTAVUS TOMSON, CAMBRIDGE.

Three Men in a Boat.
Finch's English Law of Contract, royal 8vo.
Pick-Me-Up, vol. 3.
Chaucer's Works, by Tyrwhitt, vols. 2 and 3.
Carne's Cookery.
Gallery of Pugilists, parts 9, 10, 11, 12, 1 of each.
Shakespeare's Twelfth Night, by Rolfe.
Famous Cricketers.

M. WELCH, MONTROSE.

Bentham and Hooker's Handbook of British Flora.

H. T. WAKE, FRITCHLEY, DERBY.

Juvenal and Persius, by Barten Holyday, fol., 1673.
William Massey's Origin and Progress of Letters, 8vo, 1763.
Latin Books in original bindings, before 1500.
Quaker tracts and MSS., before 1720.

E. B. WILDMAN, 10, JAMES STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Kaye's War in Afghanistan (Bentley, 1851), cloth, want vol. 1.
English Cyclopædia, Natural History section (Bradbury and Evans, 1854), want vol. 1, cloth.
Chambers' Cyclopædia, vol. 1 or parts, also part 31, first edition.

JAMES YATES, PUBLIC LIBRARIAN, LEEDS.

Walbran's Antiquities of Gainford.
Ellis' Hunters of the Ozark.
Goylan's Man among the Monkeys.
Miller's Little People of Asia.
Jones' Harewood.
Yorkshire Owl, vols. 1, 2.

BOOKS FOR SALE.

OCTAVUS TOMSON, CAMBRIDGE.

Cambridge University Almanac and Register, 1895, 3s. 6d.
The Sea and her Famous Sailors, by Goodrich, illustrated, 1859, 2s.
Britannic Magazine, 1s.
Burning of the *Sarah Sands*, screw steamship, 1870, 1s.
Treatise of the Dominion of the Sea and Sea Laws, illustrated, and tracts relating to marine affairs, 2s. 6d.
Taylor's Instructions for Mariners for crossing the North Sea, 1828, 1s.
Anecdotes of Lord Nelson, and Account of his Funeral, 1806, 1s.
Lorimer's Letters to a Young Master Mariner, 1849, 1s.
Nautical Essays, with Reflections on the Battle of Trafalgar, 1818, 1s.

JARROLDS' ILLUSTRATED HOLIDAY GUIDES.

NEW EDITIONS NOW READY.

JARROLDS' 6d. ILLUSTRATED GUIDES.

By Post 8d.

Norwich.	Southwold.	Fishing in Norfolk Waters.
Great Yarmouth.	Hunstanton.	Wells-next the Sea.
Lowestoft.	Felixstowe.	Clacton-on-Sea.
Cromer.	Aldeburgh.	Norwich Castle Museum.
Rivers and Broads of Norfolk and Suffolk.	Cambridge.	
	Southend.	

Cloth lettered, round corners, 1s., by post 1s. 3d.

JARROLDS' 2d. ILLUSTRATED GUIDES.

By Post 2½d.

Great Yarmouth.	Overstrand.	Norwich.
Aldeburgh.	Hunstanton.	Norwich Castle.
Cromer.	Broads of Norfolk.	Norwich Cathedral.
Lowestoft.	Beccles.	St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich.
Southwold.	Harwich.	St. Peter's Mancroft Church, Norwich.
Sheringham.	Clacton-on-Sea.	

JARROLDS' HOLIDAY SERIES.

SUMMER IN BROADLAND. Third Edition. By H. M. DOUGHTY. Price 1s. Superior Edition, cloth elegant, 2s. 6d.

HISTORY AND LEGENDS OF THE BROAD DISTRICT. By E. R. SUFFLING. Price 1s. Superior Edition, cloth elegant, 2s. 6d.

RAMBLES IN EAST ANGLIA. By HARRY BRITTAIN. Price 1s. Superior Edition, cloth elegant, 2s. 6d.

HOW TO ORGANISE A CRUISE ON THE BROADS. By E. R. SUFFLING. Price 1s. Superior Edition, cloth elegant, 2s. 6d.

SANDRINGHAM PAST AND PRESENT. By Mrs. HERBERT JONES. Price 1s. Superior Edition, cloth elegant, 2s. 6d.

THE HANDBOOK TO THE RIVERS AND BROADS OF NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK. By G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES. Price 1s. 6d., or handsomely bound in cloth, 2s. 6d.

CRUISING IN THE NETHERLANDS. A Handbook to the Dutch Waterways. By G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES. Price 1s. 6d., or handsomely bound in cloth, 2s. 6d.

POPPYLAND. By Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT. Price 1s. Superior Edition, cloth elegant, 2s. 6d.

COMPLETE LISTS POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

LONDON: JARROLD & SONS, 10 AND 11, WARWICK LANE, E.C.

SOME OF ANNIE S. SWAN'S BEST BOOKS.

Fifteenth Thousand. Price 3s. 6d., handsomely bound.

A LOST IDEAL.

By ANNIE S. SWAN.

"A fine story."—*Athenæum.*

"The life of the novelist, of the journalist, of the critic is described with admirable skill. 'A Lost Ideal' is perhaps the best in the long succession of her works."—*British Weekly.*

SHEILA. Price 6s.

MAITLAND OF LAURIESTON. 6s.

ST. VEDA'S; or, The Pearl of Orr's Haven. With Frontispiece. 5s.

BRIAR AND PALM. Six Illustrations. 5s.

THE GUINEA STAMP. A Tale of Modern Glasgow. 5s.

THE GATES OF EDEN. A Story of Endeavour. New Edition. With new Portrait of the Author by Mendelssohn. 5s.

WHO SHALL SERVE? A Story for the Times. 3s 6d.

CARLOWRIE; or, Among Lothian Folk. Six Illustrations, 3s. 6d. Without Illustrations, 2s. 6d. Cheap Popular Edition, cloth, 1s. 6d.; paper covers, 1s.

ALDERSYDE. Six Illustrations, 3s. 6d. Cheaper Editions, 1s., 2s., and 2s. 6d.

DORIS CHEYNE. The Story of a Noble Life. Paper covers, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.; Illustrated Edition, 3s. 6d.

THE AYRES OF STUDLEIGH. Boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.

OLIPHANT, ANDERSON, & FERRIER, LONDON & EDINBURGH.

PROFESSOR W. M. RAMSAY.

FOURTH EDITION. With Maps and Illustrations, 8vo, cloth, 12s.

THE CHURCH IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE BEFORE A.D. 170.

By W. M. RAMSAY, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L.,

Professor of Humanity in the University of Aberdeen.

Prof. W. SANDAY, in "THE EXPOSITOR," says—

"The whole volume is full of freshness and originality. . . . I lay down his book with warm and sincere admiration. He has succeeded in investing a number of critical discussions with extraordinary vividness and reality."

"THE TIMES" says—

"Prof. W. M. Ramsay is the greatest living authority on the geography of Asia Minor and on the historical and archæological questions associated with its study. Of these questions none are more important than those connected with the early history of the Christian Church. . . . The first part of the volume, which is added to the lectures as originally delivered, deals with St. Paul in Asia Minor, a subject in the treatment of which Prof. Ramsay is peculiarly at home, and which he treats with singular freshness of erudition. The latter part, covering the period A.D. 64-170, consists of the material originally employed for the lectures delivered at Mansfield College, but now entirely recast and considerably enlarged. . . . His results are of profound interest to all students of early ecclesiastical history."

LONDON: HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Now Ready at all Libraries.

BY ADVERSE WINDS.

NEW NOVEL OF ANGLO-AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

BY OLIPHANT SMEATON.

Crown 8vo, 6/-

OLIPHANT, ANDERSON, & FERRIER, London and Edinburgh.

OLIPHANT'S POPULAR SHILLING NOVELS.

THIS DAY. Price 1s., paper covers, cloth boards, 1s. 6d.

THE HOUSE OF CARGILL.

A Tale of the Smuggling Days.

By MARGARET MOYES BLACK,

Author of "Between the Ferries," "Tempted," etc.

OLIPHANT, ANDERSON, & FERRIER, 24, OLD BAILEY, E.C.; AND EDINBURGH.

TO ADVERTISERS.

THE BOOKMAN.

SCALE FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

One Inch in Column	£0 8 0
Quarter Page	2 2 0
Half Page or One Column	4 4 0
Whole Page	8 0 0

Special positions by arrangement.

ADVERTISEMENTS must be sent by the 20th of the month to the Advertising Manager,

J. F. SPRIGGS, 23, Old Bailey, London, E.C.

ANY BOOK Reviewed or Advertised in THE BOOKMAN can be obtained *post free* of the Advertisement Manager, Mr. J. F. SPRIGGS, 23, Old Bailey, London, E.C., by forwarding the published price.